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Reviews by Henry Fairlie, Helen Vendler, J. K. Galbraith, &c.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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No. 24 in a series
Subject: Design objective: maximum performance, not maximum production.

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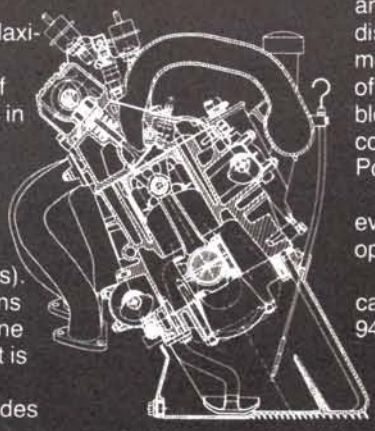

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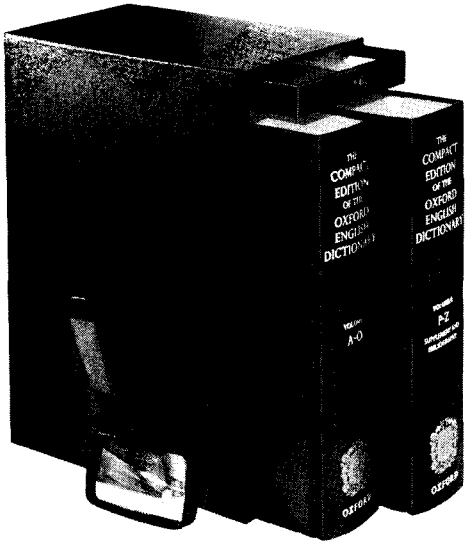

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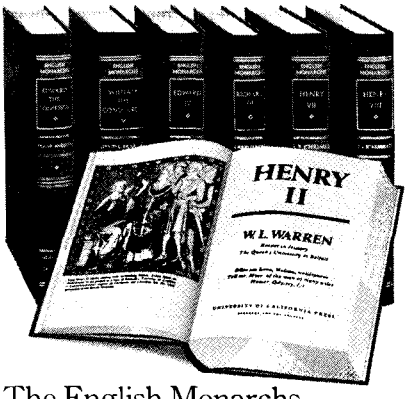

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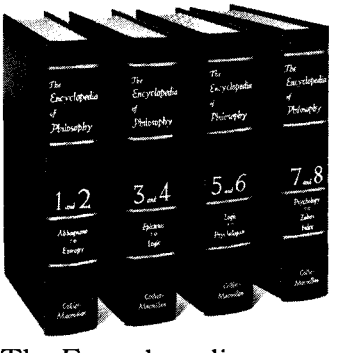

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CORRESPONDENCE

REFORM REDUX

To the editors:
Robert J. Samuelson's review of Elizabeth Drew's book *Politics and Money: The New Road to Corruption* ("The Campaign Reform Failure," TNR, September 5) is well worth reading; he corrects some of her excusable errors. But in the course of his attack on Drew's conclusions, he reaches some of his own which are calculated to discourage the search for improving campaign finance regulation, or even discourage discussion of it. Elizabeth Drew's book proposed limits on contributions from PACs, and public financing for congressional elections. Mr. Samuelson opposes these changes on arguable grounds, but then leaps to a sweeping conclusion: "Ultimately, the cause of reforming campaign financing leads to dead ends because it clings to a primitive, unrealistic, and even undesirable view of representative government." He misses the point of his own argument. People differ in their view of representative government, the means of achieving it, and the hazards that threaten it. The Federal Election Act provides a framework and method of scrutinizing the role of political money. As Mr. Samuelson says, "The disclosure of contributions not only discloses the motives of politicians to public scrutiny, but also enables competing interests to mobilize."

He goes wrong in his broad conclusion that "Most campaign reforms represent a futile effort to reverse irreversible trends." How do we recognize irreversible trends? How does one determine that a reform is futile? Reform experience to date suggests that because the effect of any change is not wholly predictable, it is better to make changes one at a time and examine the results; then, if necessary, be prepared to make some correction to secure the desired effect. The relevant conclusion to the Drew-Samuelson confrontation is that the political system will never be perfect, that reforms will continue to be proposed, that debate about their desirability will contribute to the public good, and that, headlines to the contrary, there is no compelling reason "Why campaign finance rules must fail."

NEIL STAEBLER
Ann Arbor, Michigan

To the editors:
I read Robert J. Samuelson's review and thought, "Campaign finance laws wouldn't fail if you gave them a chance." The chief obstacle to reform is the Madisonian system: the system of checks and balances. Supposedly, each branch is checking the other and preventing abuses, but that doesn't happen with respect to campaign finances. They are perpetrated by the legislature, and the legislature has no interest in checking them.

Every piece of campaign finance reform that has been enacted happened because of a scandal. That is not a tribute to the Madisonian system; it is a tribute to public pressure and indignation. Reform comes in fits and starts, and frequently the fruits of reform are lost when the courts decide the laws are too restrictive. It's that Madisonian system again. It takes forever to pass a law and when you do you get piecemeal results. I would like to suggest a reform (one that would limit influence-buying with regard to campaigns): first, publicly finance general elections; second, limit the size of campaign contributions in primaries to $500 (Why $500? Because it represents the maximum that a family with an average income would contribute. Set the limit higher and the money will come not from individuals but from interest groups). To make sure that the funding is adequate and to encourage small contributions, match each contribution three to one when a candidate qualifies for it by reaching a stipulated amount.

I can anticipate interest groups saying, "This will inhibit our political participation." I fail to see how it will hurt them. They will still have influence: they can organize and petition the government, they can make their presence felt in state and district political constituencies, and last but not least, they can vote. Why should they have more impact than that?

ERIC STEEL
Oakland, California

FAIRLIE'S FUNERAL

To the editors:
Perhaps you'll be good enough to publish the burial time and place of Henry Fairlie, ("CBS Mourning News," TNR, August 29), "a competent print satirist of no special distinction" (to paraphrase his own snide epitaph for Frank Reynolds, a far better human being, to judge simply on the bases of integrity and fair play—for I never heard Reynolds single out a fellow journalist for posthumous sniping), when the aforementioned Mr. Fairlie drops dead, as he so richly deserves to do.

CHRIS COLOMBI
Cleveland, Ohio

To the editors:
I used to think that the poor taste and vulgarity of television were unsurpassable. After reading Henry Fairlie's piece on Walter Cronkite's funeral I no longer think so.

CARLOS A. CAMARGO
Stanford, California

To the editors:
When I saw the title of Henry Fairlie's piece on the demise of "W*lt*r Cr*nk*te," I thought it in bad taste. On reading it I was delighted with the deflation of inflation. Thanks.

HARRY MARSHAK
New York, New York

BREAKING TRAINING

To the editors:
In my review of Kenneth Lynn's *The Air-Line to Seattle* ("The Critic as Scourge," TNR, September 5), I noted that the dust jacket pictured a locomotive rather than an airplane, as if a mistake had been made. But of course the mistake was mine, since Santayana's poem (from which Mr. Lynn took his title) was written before there were airplanes to Seattle or anywhere else. The "air-line" was in fact, as Francis Randall has pointed out to me, a straight, swift railroad—thus, appropriately, the locomotive. Apologies to the author and to the University of Chicago Press.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD
Amherst, Massachusetts

THE KLAN AND THE LEFT

To the editors:
Phillip Finch's fascinating article on the K.K.K. raises a number of important issues ("Can the Klan Ride Again?" TNR, September 5). I've been a student of right-wing and left-wing politics since 1965 when I founded the Wilcox Collection on Contemporary Political Move-

continued on page 39

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On campaign finances, Fairlie's taste, &c.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... DEFICIT? WHAT DEFICIT?

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... LEBANON, BLOODY LEBANON
The destiny of the civil war in Lebanon is now in the hands of outside powers. The United States, like it or not, has been cast as one of them.
THE ANT AND THE ELEPHANT
Son Sann needs—and deserves—American support.
NOTEBOOK

11 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: WADING IN
Reagan sees Lebanon as a case of the U.S. vs. Syria and the Soviets, but what he'll do is still unclear.

13 **JOHN COOLEY** ..... WASTED LEBANON
The fighting among the Lebanese breaks out again, this time with American forces right in the middle.

15 **DANIEL NOSSITER** ..... NEWSLETTER NOSTRUMS
Psychic files, tautological tips, Howard Ruff's baby girl, and other curiosities of the newsletter trade.

17 **LANDON BUTLER** ..... LABOR LETS FLY
Next week the A.F.L.-C.I.O. meets to endorse Walter Mondale for President. Here's why—win or lose—this may turn out to be Kirkland's shrewdest move.

20 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: TWO ANOMALOUS CAREERS
A Louise Brooks double bill: the two finest roles of her career in two pictures by Georg Wilhelm Pabst.

22 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: BOARDS VERSUS ARTISTS
Bad blood and no plays at the Beaumont Theater.

24 **HELEN VENDLER** ..... BODY AND SOUL
The Sacrifice by Frank Bidart

28 **HENRY FAIRLIE** ..... A FORGOTTEN HERO
Attlee by Kenneth Harris

30 **BARON WORMSER** ..... POEM *A Satirist*

34 **JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH** ... FROM DRIPS TO DIGITALS
Revolution in Time: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World by David S. Landes

35 **J. H. ELLIOTT** ..... CRUEL AND UNUSUAL
Alba: A Biography of Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Third Duke of Alba (1507-1582) by William S. Maltby

38 **PETER L. BERGER** ..... THE MEDIUM AND THE MESSAGE
The Spiritualists: The Passion for the Occult in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries by Ruth Brandon

43 **CAIRO DIARIST** ..... ANCIENT AFTERNOONS

COVER Shiite militia near Bourj Al Barajneh camp, Lebanon. Poster shows Imam Mussa el Sadar, spiritual leader who disappeared in Libya five years ago. Photo by Chris Steele-Perkins/Magnum.

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FROM WASHINGTON

DEFICIT? WHAT DEFICIT?

Can we who man the ship of state deny it is somewhat out of control? Our national debt is approaching $1 trillion. . . . A trillion dollars would be a stack of $1,000 bills sixty-seven miles high.

—President Reagan, February 18, 1981

It took 205 years for that stack to pile up sixty-seven miles high. After four years of Reagan's leadership, there will be another thirty miles on the stack. Pass the maple syrup!

These days, though, talk of scary deficits is dismissed by people like Treasury Secretary Donald Regan as a plot by "liberals" with a "hidden motive." In fact, "deficits" has always been a conservative war cry, not a liberal one. Nevertheless, some liberals, including this one, were prepared to acknowledge in 1981 that, after fifty years of activist government, the Augean stable could use some tidying up. Much of the federal budget had little to do with social justice and a lot to do with stale thinking and powerful interest groups. Perhaps Reagan, with his charisma and his conservative majority in Congress, could do some good that no Democrat would dare.

As it develops, Reagan has shown almost no guts at all about clearing out the crap. It takes no courage to slash food stamps and other help for the poor. It also doesn't save much money. As a result, we now have $200 billion deficits as far as the eye can see.

Despite all the talk about "entitlements" and "uncontrollables" and so on, it's not so hard to balance the budget. In fact, I did it over the weekend. My self-imposed rules were to cut nothing that actually helps poor people, and to raise no new revenues in ways that would actually inhibit the Republican virtues of work and thrift. I didn't even start until Saturday afternoon, and by dinner time I was halfway there. Sunday's half was a bit tougher, but even with time out for the papers and the interview shows, I was done with billions to spare by "Masterpiece Theater." You too can do it! Here's how:

(1.) Don't pay Social Security retirement to people under 70. Depending on the details, we could easily save $35 billion a year this way. Life expectancy has increased more than five years since Social Security began in the 1930s. Today's retirees would still be getting more in benefits than what they paid in (with interest). They also would still be getting a better deal than future retirees who will be paying today's high payroll taxes over most of their working lives.

(2.) Eliminate all farm price supports. (An optimistic $9 billion projected for 1984—this year it was more than double that.) Why artifically raise prices for anything? Why aid farmers who aren't poor? Why pay people not to grow food when other people are going hungry? While we're at it, let's knock out $4.4 billion in special tax subsidies for the oil, gas, and timber industries. They don't need it either.

(3.) Stop giving away valuable services to people who ought to pay for them. "User fees" could raise almost $6 billion—over a billion just from private plane users, this nation's most improbable charity case.

(4.) Cancel the tax deduction for consumer interest, including mortgages. If we want to increase private savings and business investment, encouraging people to spend and borrow makes no sense. And this deal gets better, of course, the higher a person's tax bracket. It will cost $36.4 billion in 1984.

(5.) Tax capital gains at death. When rich people die with appreciated assets, the potential tax on their profit dies too. Now that there's virtually no estate tax, this loophole is particularly unjustified. Closing it would bring in about $4 billion a year, even at today's very low capital gains tax rates.

(6.) Crack down on tax-free fringe benefits. Why should employer-paid medical insurance be completely tax-free when people who buy their own insurance (if they can afford it), such as the unemployed, must use mostly after-tax money? This oddity alone costs about $18 billion a year in tax revenues, while encouraging ever-higher medical costs. Another $2 billion is lost to tax-free "business" meals and enter-

continued on page 40

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 10, 1983

LEBANON, BLOODY LEBANON

The Lebanese civil war has erupted again, and a conventional wisdom has been hastily cobbled together. It tells us that Lebanon is a crazy place, full of irrational hatreds, with sects killing each other for no discernible reason; most important of all, this has all been going on for as long as one can remember. And not just since the start of the current civil war in 1975, or even since the massacres of 1860, but (explains I.F. Stone in *The New York Times*) since the seventh century. Then the QED: what can the United States possibly do to stop a chronic war that's been going on for thirteen hundred years?

The conventional wisdom is interesting for two reasons. First, despite all its mock world-weariness it is a very new dispensation. Its appearance coincides with Israel's withdrawal a few weeks ago from the Shuf Mountains near Beirut to more defensible lines south of the Awali River. Before that, and particularly during last year's war, one would have imagined from news reports that Israel had introduced into Lebanon the very concept of armed combat, much as the Spanish introduced the horse into the New World. (It took a long time for some to discover that the Israeli Army *found* Damur in ruins.) Now Israel has withdrawn to the twenty-five-mile line, and now violence on Lebanese soil is no longer shocking. After all, it's endemic, isn't it? In the air, part of the landscape? That's the Lebanese, killing each other as they've done for centuries. Who can possibly make sense of their mad bloodletting?

The other interesting thing about the current conventional wisdom is that it's so wildly wrong. Lebanon has not always been at war with itself, and the current fighting is not at all senseless. It is very purposeful. Sectarian rivalries, vendettas, and hatreds are the grounds of war, not the cause; they are a necessary condition, not a sufficient one. Otherwise, why is there not a civil war in every Middle Eastern country? All have long histories of sectarian animosity. And why did these same Lebanese factions with the same histories and the same hatreds coexist in remarkable harmony, in the context of the only genuinely democratic state in the Arab world, for the better part of thirty years?

The critical change in the Lebanese body politic occurred in the 1970s with the influx of large numbers of armed Palestinians. It was the Palestine Liberation Organization which touched off the collapse of Lebanon's delicate order. It did so by turning south Lebanon into a war zone with Israel, and by tilting the internal Lebanese balance in favor of dissident Moslems. The internal war created a pretext and an opportunity for Syria to fulfill her historical ambition and occupy Lebanon.

"Senselessness" is a characteristic we tend to attribute to fighting in which the combatants are ready to die for aims that we would not die for. The fighters in the current Lebanese war, however, know exactly what they're dying for. The Druse are fighting for control of their traditional homeland, the Shuf Mountains, an area which was largely cleared of Christian influence during the Syrian occupation, and to which the Christian Phalange tried to return after the Israeli invasion. The Shiites who are challenging the Lebanese Army in the southern slums of Beirut are fighting for a share of national power. The Christian Phalange is fighting to retain a position in the Shuf, though almost all its strongholds fell in the first days of fighting after Israel's redeployment. Then there's the Lebanese government, which is fighting quite simply for its existence, its only instrument being a Lebanese Army less than

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a year old and rebuilt with American training and supplies.

These are the principal indigenous Lebanese factions. Left to themselves, they would undoubtedly reach some power sharing agreement. Walid Jumblat, the Druse militia leader, has made it clear that while he opposes Amin Gemayel's policies, he does not challenge his position as president. For his part, President Gemayel has made clear that he is willing to negotiate a new power-sharing agreement, as long as his government is allowed to do what any government must be allowed to do, that is, to deploy its army throughout the country. These are not impossibly irreconcilable demands. How do we know? "The government has talked with Walid Jumblat on several occasions, most recently with U.S. participation in Paris, and an agreement on all issues was reached," writes Abdallah Bouhabib, Lebanon's ambassador to the United States, of the negotiations undertaken by U.S. Special Envoy Robert McFarlane. What happened? "Syrians—not Lebanese, but *Syrians*—vetoed this [accord]." The emphasis—and the indignation—is the ambassador's.

Not Lebanese but Syrians. Now the civil war gets a little less civil. Syria had no interest in such an agreement. In fact, it has never had an interest in an independent Lebanon, because it consistently and unapologetically regards Lebanon as part of Greater Syria (which is why Syria has never had an ambassador in Beirut). But Syria's president, Hafez Al Assad, is not reckless. He knows that a direct thrust into Beirut might provoke Israel, and perhaps the multinational force. So he works through proxies. One proxy is the Druse, who needed the Syrians to regain control of the Shuf Mountains. Once that was done, after the first few days of the recent fighting, Mr. Jumblat apparently wanted to make his deal with Mr. Gemayel—but the Syrians wouldn't let him. The Syrians arm, supply, and protect Mr. Jumblat. His artillery cover comes from behind Syrian lines. President Assad is in little danger of finding Mr. Jumblat contradicting him.

The other proxy is the Palestinians. The Palestine Liberation Army, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Syrian Army, has recently joined the fight, as has another pliable instrument of Syrian diplomacy, the P.L.O. rebel faction led by Abu Musa. And then there's the man Abu Musa and Syria kicked out of Lebanon just a few months ago. Yasir Arafat, who cannot long absent himself from any fresh outbreak of bloodshed in the Middle East, slipped back into Lebanon via the port city of Tripoli. He boasted to reporters that his men, too, were fighting shoulder to shoulder with their Druse brothers to overthow the Lebanese government.

Those are just the Arab players. Then there is the multinational force of Americans, French, British, and Italian troops, originally sent last year to Beirut to rescue fifteen thousand encircled P.L.O. troops from the Israeli Army. The M.N.F. is now suffering increasing casualties under heavy fire from Druse, Syrian, and, of course, P.L.O. positions around Beirut. (Mr. Arafat now claims that he is no longer honor bound, because of the massacre at Sabra and Shatila, to his evacuation agreement to leave Lebanon in peace. It's a first for him. In the past he broke similar pledges, such as the Cairo agreements of 1969 and 1973, without the need of excuses.)

The Lebanese government—and with it the hopes for an independent and sovereign Lebanon—now hangs by a thread, and that thread is the M.N.F. It is hard to overestimate its importance. It took no more than a statement by the President of the United States implying that the U.S. fleet would be allowed to fire in support of the Lebanese Army to encourage the Army to launch an offensive aimed at capturing the ridges overlooking Beirut. The converse also applies. Any prospect of the M.N.F.'s withdrawal will doom the Beirut government.

THAT THE SAME P.L.O. fighters who were rescued by the Americans are now shooting at them is not the only irony in this situation. The precarious position of the M.N.F. was in large part brought on by well-intended but misdirected American diplomacy. The natural counterweight to Syrian influence in Lebanon is not the M.N.F. but Israel. It is more than a counterweight: Israel's interests in Lebanon happen to coincide with those of the Lebanese government and of the United States. Israel did not intend to occupy Lebanon. Its objectives were to expel Syrian and P.L.O. influence and to permit a central government to come into existence which would be able to resist Syrian absorption and P.L.O. infiltration. (Israel also had a "private" objective of retaining a residual influence over southern Lebanon to ensure that it would not be a base for P.L.O. operations against settlements in northern Israel.) For more than a year, the Israeli invasion created conditions for a Lebanese government to reconstitute itself while protected by the Israeli Army.

Now that Israel has withdrawn, largely because of growing casualties and dissent at home, it is accused of using Americans to do its fighting. It is a curious charge. On the contrary, the Israelis never requested the presence of American troops. It was the P.L.O. and the Saudis and the rest of the chorus of Arab "moderates" to which American diplomacy plays that brought in the M.N.F. in the first place. When Israel was trying to do its own fighting, it had to contend not only with the P.L.O. and Syria but with sanctions, vilification, threats, and embargoes aimed at preventing it from pressing its advantage, and finally at getting it to withdraw. There were skirmishes with U.S. Marines who were not allowed contact with their Israeli counterparts because the secretary of defense did not want the appearance of cooperation between Israel and the United States. It would have been hard enough for Israel, a small country with a small economy, to sustain the high casualties, economic drain, and dissension caused by continuing occupation of Lebanon. Add to that international isolation and strained relations with the United States, and the will to remain in Lebanon evaporated. By the time the United States and Lebanese governments were willing to acknowledge the vital need for Israel's presence—they pleaded with Israel not to leave the

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Shuf, and Prime Minister Begin twice postponed Israel's departure as a gesture to President Reagan—it was too late. Israel, understandably, had had enough. Things might have been different had both the Gemayel and Reagan Administrations been perspicacious enough to have granted Israel not the lukewarm agreement that it signed in May, but a full peace treaty (See "Give Normalization a Chance," TNR, January 31) The Israeli public might well have been willing to tolerate the high cost of its protective presence in central Lebanon in order to defend a government with which it had a mutual defense pact or a Camp David-like peace accord; it would not do so for a government that sought to remain as aloof from Israel as possible. Moreover, Assad had to include in his calculations the likelihood of Israel coming directly to the aid of the Gemayel government. When Israel needed help in Lebanon, it was rewarded with condemnation and sanctions. Now that it has returned to the twenty-five-mile line, so sacred only a year ago, it is vilified for not having done more to protect Western interests in Beirut.

THAT TASK is now in Western, principally American, hands. What is the American interest in the whole affair? The interests are two: Lebanon, and the entire U.S. position in the Middle East. The government of Amin Gemayel made clear very early its pro-Western orientation. Gemayel offered to be an ally of the United States in return for its protection. The United States accepted. It granted the Lebanese full diplomatic support. It declared its objectives in the area to be the full sovereignty, independence, and territorial integrity of Lebanon. And it extended military support by training and helping to reconstitute the Lebanese Army. That makes for a commitment.

Syria has opposed the American aims in Lebanon at every turn. It rejected and effectively vetoed the Israeli-Lebanese agreement which the United States had brokered and guaranteed, and which if implemented would have resulted in the withdrawal of all foreign forces, i.e., a free and independent Lebanon. Having succeeded in destroying the agreement, Syria pressed its next goal, the destruction of the Lebanese government itself. Armed and backed by the Soviet Union, Syria aims to expel American influence from Lebanon. If it succeeds, Lebanon will cease to exist. It will be controlled by Syria, occupied by the P.L.O., and returned to the status quo ante—seven years of unending war within Lebanon and with Israel.

The loss would be more than Lebanon. Every Arab government is watching Syria as it moves from destroying the American-guaranteed Israeli-Lebanese agreement to capturing Lebanon itself. This is a particularly dangerous time for nonradical Arab states. The triple entente of Libya, Syria, and Iran is comprised of three countries all at war with their neighbors: Libya with Chad, Iran with Iraq, and Syria with practically everyone on its borders including Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq, and even Turkey (Assad is reportedly supplying the Armenian Secret Army in eastern Turkey). How the United States reacts in this crisis will be closely studied by other countries dependent on the United States. Jordan, which in 1970 was saved by the United States (in coordination with Israel) from a Syrian invasion, is watching. So is Egypt, which has tied its fate to the United States since the Camp David accords, but which has been looking over its shoulder toward and trying to warm its relations with the Soviet Union. At stake is U.S. credibility. As John Cooley reports elsewhere in this issue (see "Wasted Lebanon"), Saeb Salam, a former Lebanese prime minister and Moslem leader, believes that if the United States allows Gemayel to fall, every pro-Western regime in the Arab world, including Saudi Arabia, will be threatened.

THERE IS remarkably little dissension about this assessment in the U.S. Congress. Aside from a few right-wingers like Barry Goldwater, a believer in belligerent isolationism, no one wants to cut and run.

There is, however, the question of the War Powers Act. Mr. Reagan was unwilling to invoke it. Congress insisted that its provisions were triggered by the first American casualties in late August. Neither party in this constitutional tug of war acted dishonorably. Each tried to protect what it saw, and what its precedessors saw, as its constitutional prerogatives. In the end, the Supreme Court will have to rule. But that end is not in sight; and meanwhile there's a war on.

The obvious solution is to table the constitutional issue until the Court can rule, and to proceed in the interim with another congressional-Presidential arrangement in support of the Marines in Beirut. Because whatever the legality of the War Powers Act, it embodies a post-Vietnam reality: the conduct of any war, no matter how small, requires a national consensus, whose institutional expression is congressional support. The President needed the Congress, and in this case the Congress was ready to support him.

Which is what makes the compromise resolution hammered out by the White House and congressional leaders on September 20 such a gratifying development. We may not be back to the days of Vandenberg, but we're far beyond Vietnam. The proposed joint resolution will authorize U.S. participation in the multinational force for eighteen months (i.e., beyond the 1984 election). At the same time it will allow the branches of government to disagree on the constitutional issue: the resolution invokes the War Powers Act, but the President, by expressing reservations about his part of the resolution, has reserved the right to challenge the Act in the future court battles. The compromise resolution wisely rejects calls for a more rigid time limit. To declare that the Marines would have to withdraw in three or six or eight months, as some members of Congress are urging, would be a disaster. Better to withdraw tomorrow. Such a resolution would be a telegram to Damascus telling it that for the next three or six or eight months it can lob shells at a leisurely pace into Marine positions, after which it can march into Beirut. The purpose of an American commitment is to ensure the survival of the Lebanese government. Telling those who

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wish to destroy that government that the United States will be gone in a few months will simply undermine our objective, demoralize the Lebanese Army, and increase the danger to American troops. It may turn out that in the end U.S. Marines cannot protect the Lebanese government. It may be too costly and too difficult. Mr. Gemayel and his army may be too weak. A withdrawal can always be made, but to declare one preemptively now is to doom the enterprise from the start.

It is Lebanon's misfortune to be situated where it is in the Middle East. There is little that the United States can do about that. But it is good that Congress and the President seem ready to work together to try to save a weak and worthy friend.

The Ant And The Elephant

Son Sann, the quiet but persistent 72-year-old leader of Cambodia's non-Communist resistance, came to Washington last month. He is asking from the United States considerably less than what the Vietnamese ask from the U.S.S.R. and what the Khmer Rouge ask from China. More specifically, he's asking for machine guns, about six thousand of them, along with mortars, antitank weapons, and money for food and medicine. Son Sann has been seeking help from the United States ever since the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia in 1978. We hope that this time he finds it.

Most Americans, still shellshocked from the Vietnam War, are eager to forget that Southeast Asia exists. But the tragic facts of recent Cambodian history are worth remembering. Cambodia's neutralist declarations mattered little to the main actors in the Vietnam War. First came the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong, using Cambodia as a launching pad for guerrilla attacks on South Vietnam. Next came the "secret" American bombing in 1969 and 1970—which of course was no secret at all to the Cambodian people. Though meant for the Communist guerrillas, the bombs fell indiscriminately on guerrilla and peasant alike. By the time Saigon fell, Cambodia had been devastated by the war. But there was much more terror to come. The ascension of Pol Pot and the Chinese-backed Khmer Rouge in 1975 brought to the ancient kingdom four years of torture, starvation, and mass executions. Nearly a third of Cambodia's seven million people perished in the holocaust. (See "The Killing of Cambodia," by David Hawk, TNR, November 15, 1982.)

On Christmas Eve 1978, the Vietnamese came to "liberate" Cambodia—but liking the neighborhood so much (as they have liked it for centuries), they decided to stay. Today, with the help of more than $1 billion a year in Soviet military aid, some one hundred sixty thousand Vietnamese soldiers are stationed in the "People's Republic of Kampuchea." Under the puppet government of Heng Samrin, a former Khmer Rouge official, the political education of Cambodia has taken priority over everything else—including its feeding. During the first year of the occupation, while the Vietnamese busied themselves with jailing nationalists and hanging posters of Marx, an estimated seven hundred thousand Cambodians starved. The economic aid promised by the Soviets never materialized; political and religious suppression did. For the refugees at the border, Vietnamization has brought poison gas attacks and torture. Cambodia is now caught firmly and miserably in Vietnam's grip.

The resistance to the Vietnamese consists of three groups. There is the mass murderer Pol Pot, who escaped to the jungle when the Vietnamese arrived, and who commands about thirty thousand Khmer Rouge soldiers. There is Prince Sihanouk, who ruled the Kingdom of Cambodia from 1954 to 1970, and who has a weak army of three to five thousand supporters. And there is Son Sann, who was fired by Sihanouk after serving in various cabinet positions, including prime minister, and who commands twelve thousand armed soldiers—and another six thousand trained men in need of weapons. The size of his Khmer People's National Liberation Front has nearly doubled in the past year, despite his lack of arms. Although the resistance is concentrated mostly in the west of Cambodia, drawing its support from the refugee camps near the Thai border, there is widespread resentment against the Vietnamese occupation throughout the country. The resistance is too small to defeat the Vietnamese, but it's large enough to harass them.

WHEN SON SANN began coming to the West for help, American officials suggested that aid would be forthcoming if he and the K.P.N.L.F. had "official" United Nations recognition. But achieving that recognition meant joining in a coalition with Pol Pot, whose murderous government still controls Cambodia's U.N. seat. (The United States defends its diplomatic support for Pol Pot in the U.N. by arguing that it helps strengthen ties with China and prevents the Vietnamese from gaining diplomatic legitimacy. It also cripples our credibility with the Cambodians.) Pressured by the United States, Son Sann joined. With his soft voice and exquisite manners, he now refers to his barbarous Khmer Rouge allies as "the gentlemen of Democratic Kampuchea"—ironically, but with a hint of sincerity too. "I have signed a statement," he explained sadly during a visit to this magazine. "I must respect my signature." But the awkward moral position that the West forced upon Son Sann still hasn't brought him the guns he needs. Last month in Washington, officials continued to pay lip service to Son Sann's cause as he testified before Congress, met with Secretary of State George Shultz, and was honored at the usual receptions. But chocolate cake and kind words don't win wars. When the week was over, Son Sann went away empty-handed.

The United States cannot continue to mouth support for the K.P.N.L.F. without supplying them arms. The United States needs to put up or shut up. We think it should put

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up. The reasons are several. First, amid the competing despotisms of the Soviet-backed Vietnamese and the Chinese-backed Khmer Rouge, Son Sann is the only significant democratic and nationalist force. If the United States can supply arms to "authoritarians" such as Ferdinand Marcos or the Salvadoran security forces in the name of democracy, why not supply arms to democrats in the name of democracy? Second, having encouraged Son Sann and the K.P.N.L.F., and forced them into the unseemliest of alliances, we have a moral obligation to help. And third, as long as the Vietnamese remain as colonizers and imperialists, they should be made to feel the costs of their aggression.

It is hard to be optimistic about the future of Cambodia. Son Sann himself harbors no illusions about bringing military defeat to the Vietnamese, who command the world's fourth largest army. "We are like a small ant. And they are like the elephant," he says. "So we pursue the policy of the ant. We bite." Of course, even if a combination of military resistance, economic drain, and international sanctions (like the worldwide trade embargo imposed against the Vietnamese at the time of the invasion) should induce the Vietnamese to return to Vietnam, civil war between the Khmer Rouge and the K.P.N.L.F. is likely. In that case, we can only hope for—and contribute to—K.P.N.L.F. strength. For the Cambodian people, there is no "light at the end of the tunnel," as the best and the brightest used to say. But without Son Sann and the K.P.N.L.F. there would be no light at all.

NOTEBOOK

□ IT HAS BECOME commonplace to note the similarities between Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher, but a recent debate in Britain illustrates the danger of generalizing across (political) cultures. Members of Parliament voted themselves a raise recently, unleashing torrents of indignation. "Let them think of other ways of making money without raiding the public purse," wrote Auberon Waugh in *The Spectator*. How much do these "deeply unpleasant people," these "power maniacs," as Mr. Waugh calls them, now earn? Why, about $28,000 a year—after the 31 percent raise, and before taxes.

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The war in South Vietnam cannot be won. That is now the on-the-spot opinion of numerous Vietnamese, American and other foreign experts. But it is unlikely that the Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Maxwell Taylor, have reached a similar conclusion, though they have heard passionately contradictory viewpoints. There are powerful voices of optimism." ("Dead End in Vietnam," by Jerry A. Rose, October 12, 1963.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

WADING IN

"WE WANT to convince the Syrians that we will slap the shit out of them if they keep on trying to take over Lebanon," a White House official said the other day, in an uncharacteristically clear explanation of Administration policy. "On the other hand, we don't want to panic people here at home. We don't want to be seen as getting deeper and deeper into something that the American people do not understand. So we are looking for middle options."

That is the Administration's basic dilemma: how to demonstrate enough resolve militarily to scare Syria into calling off its effort to topple Lebanon's government and take over the country, yet keep Congress and the American people from deciding that the costs are too high. Hence the three prongs of Administration policy: "massive diplomacy" in the Middle East, conducted by Special Envoy Robert McFarlane; continually escalating military action against Syrian-backed militias around Beirut; and intensive negotiations with Congress to get a resolution of support for U.S. policy before post-Vietnam syndrome reasserts itself and undermines the President's authority to act.

One major aspect of the problem has been largely unattended: that of public understanding. Even though United States Marines are suffering casualties, U.S. ships are shelling Syrian-controlled territory, and U.S. air strikes may be next, President Reagan has yet to make a full-blown speech on the Lebanon crisis to explain why what started as a humanitarian endeavor and a peacekeeping operation has turned into a small war, and how it all may end. As even White House officials admit, this failure to communicate has resulted in "a lot of confusion in the country about why we're there and who we're against." Aides attribute Reagan's reticence to the delicacy of negotiations in the Middle East and with Congress, not to any division or confusion within the Administration itself.

Actually there is considerable division and confusion among Reagan's subordinates—with the Pentagon, for example, playing the role of pacifist—but Reagan himself seems to understand what his basic problem is. The President, I am told, stands squarely behind Robert McFarlane's strategic conception: that Syria and its patron, the Soviet Union, are trying to drive the United States out of Lebanon and that U.S. interests and prestige will be badly damaged if they succeed. McFarlane is trying to talk the Syrians into getting their forces out of Lebanon and the various warring Lebanese factions into making peace. To bolster his leverage with both Syria and the Lebanese, he is calling on Washington for increasing demonstrations of U.S. resolve—including, reportedly, U.S. ground combat

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operations by the Marines in support of the Lebanese Army.

Among both allies and adversaries of Administration policy, this is known as "McFarlane's war." McFarlane is a former Marine colonel who served under Henry Kissinger and Alexander Haig in the Nixon-Ford White House, and returned as a counselor to the State Department at the outset of Reagan's term. Haig, as Secretary of State, "sent McFarlane to Israel, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia on secret missions that didn't leak," a subordinate said, which allowed him to develop good contacts. When Haig's deputy, William Clark, transferred to the White House, McFarlane went with him as No. 2 man on the National Security Council staff. McFarlane took over the harrowing Mideast negotiator's role this July from Philip Habib, who had lost Israel's confidence by blocking a Lebanon-Israel peace treaty, and lost the Administration's by trusting the assurances of President Hafez Al Assad of Syria that his troops would leave Lebanon when Israel's did.

MCFARLANE in many ways is Habib's opposite—a military man, not a career diplomat; self-effacing rather than blustering; inclined to be pro-Israeli rather than Arabist. "His views are in line with Haig's," said an Administration official. "He is anti-Soviet and anti-radical, and he understands that U.S. interests are best served by cooperation with Israel." It was about the time that McFarlane took over from Habib that the United States stopped trying to force Israel to withdraw from Lebanon and started seeing Israeli forces as a stabilizing influence. For its own reasons, though, Israel did partially withdraw, creating a vacuum that McFarlane fears will be filled by the Syrians unless the United States prevents it.

Unlike Habib, McFarlane certainly does not trust Assad, whom McFarlane associates describe as a ruthless, crafty intriguer. Assad "wants it all" in Lebanon, one of them said, and to get it all he is fanning historic tribal tensions and blocking U.S. efforts to produce détente between Lebanese factions. For example, in late August McFarlane arranged a truce between Druse and Christian militia leaders in a meeting in Paris, but it blew apart the minute Druse leader Walid Jumblat visited Damascus. On the other hand, one official said, "Assad is cautious. He hasn't stayed ruler of Syria for fourteen years by taking risks. Our power does mean something to him, and he'll try to avoid a confrontation with us."

Even though he has yet to spell it out publicly, Reagan is said to back McFarlane's assessment that Lebanon represents both a test of U.S. credibility and a situation where vital national interests are involved. "If Syria wins," one Administration official said, "it means that Assad and the radicals will be dominant in the Middle East. The moderate Arabs will see no value in being associated with us. The Soviets will have kicked us off the beach and our credibility will suffer everywhere." Other officials say that a Syrian-dominated Lebanon would become a confrontation state with Israel and another potential Mediterranean base for the Soviets. They say that Syria might be emboldened by defeating both Israel and the United States in Lebanon to move against Jordan and to help its ally, Iran, to terrorize the Persian Gulf.

Though President Reagan shares McFarlane's strategic analysis, it's not clear that he has signed off on McFarlane's call for a decisive show of U.S. military commitment, such as sending Marines into the Shuf Mountains to fight along with the Lebanese Army. Reagan has agreed to "more aggressive self-defense" by the Marines, and has authorized both naval bombardments and air strikes to protect the Marines and support the Lebanese Army. He may also have authorized smart-bombing of Syrian supply lines. But is Reagan ready to engage in ground combat against Syrian forces? Some Administration officials indicate that he would not actually go that far, but wants the Syrians to think he might. Others say that he will do "whatever is necessary."

WITHIN THE Administration, the Pentagon is said to be most resistant to military escalation, arousing the near-contempt of some civilian officials. One aide calls the Pentagon the "Ministry of Pacifism," and another labels the Joint Chiefs of Staff the "Never-Again Club." Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger opposed the introduction of Marines into Lebanon in the first place. Now that they are there he has stopped recommending their withdrawal, but he is said to be against any military expansion. "Cap wants to buy lots of weapons, but never ever use them," one critic jibed. And another official said, "If you ask the military how many divisions it would take to get the Syrians out, they get resentful that you should discuss such an unpleasant subject. You want to ask them, 'Why do you exist? If you don't want to fight there, where?' You get the impression that, after Vietnam, they don't want to fight any land wars anywhere."

But one White House official said that the fault wasn't wholly the Pentagon's. "The military is unwilling to commit forces to a cause that the State Department can't explain. The basic problem is that State has no policy options for getting us out of Lebanon or for accomplishing our ends." Part of State's problem is attributed to the changeover of assistant secretaries for the Near East from Nicholas Veliotes to Richard Murphy, but a White House official said, "Nothing is coming from lower or higher levels, either. State is just wringing its hands."

As a result, Lebanon policy is being made in the field primarily by McFarlane and by the U.S. ambassador to Lebanon, Robert Dillon, and in Washington by the National Security Council staff, including Howard Teicher, Philip Dur, and Robert Kimmitt. The McFarlane-N.S.C. policy is being restrained somewhat by the Pentagon, but also by the political side of the White House, which is concerned that Reagan might lose Congress, the public—and the 1984 election.

The main task of Reagan's White House political advisers over the past two weeks has been to negotiate a compromise solution to the War Powers dilemma—an institutional confrontation with Congress which, unless settled

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quickly, could have turned into a policy fight as well. Surprisingly (in view of the unpopularity of ambiguous military involvements) a consensus existed in Congress that the Marines should not be pulled out. White House aides feared, however, that the consensus would not hold if fighting continued and more Marines were killed.

That concern may have led Reagan to agree to respect the 1973 War Powers Resolution even though he regards it as a derogation of essential Presidential prerogatives. The resolution requires a President to report to Congress within forty-eight hours when U.S. troops are engaged in hostilities or when hostilities are imminent. Under Section 51-B of the resolution, if Congress does not affirmatively act within sixty days to approve the troops' remaining in action, they have to be withdrawn. In exchange for recognizing Congress's authority to be involved in deciding when to send troops into hostilities, under the compromise Reagan was granted authority to keep Marines in Lebanon for up to eighteen months. This agreement was worked out in hours of negotiating by White House aides James Baker, Richard Darman, Kenneth Duberstein, and Fred Fielding with four separate sets of congressional leaders. The pact involved Senate Republicans, House Foreign Affairs Committee Chairman Clement Zablocki, and the rest of the House Democratic leadership, but not the most difficult and long-winded group, Senator Robert Byrd and his Senate Democratic minority.

WHILE CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS support Reagan's policy on Lebanon and enough of them seem to favor the War Powers compromise to get it passed, there is growing unease among rank-and-file members, including some normally hawkish Republicans, about the possibility of war with Syria or an unresolved "quagmire" situation in which U.S. Marines would stay in Lebanon and take casualties indefinitely. So pressure for withdrawal is likely to mount. Even if the compromise does extend the President's authority to keep troops in Lebanon past the 1984 election, the fighting there will be a source of debate and Reagan campaign aides are likely to join the lobby for withdrawal. White House polls already indicate that the Lebanese involvement is unpopular and there are few prospects that it could turn into a Falklands war—a quick, decisive, politically exhilarating victory.

So what will Reagan do? A straight pullout ("cut-and-run") seems unlikely, but a disguised pullout or "decent interval" solution might be tempting—that is, negotiation of an agreement with Syria whereby it would allow the Lebanese government to survive for a time while U.S. troops got out, after which Assad could work his will. McFarlane has specifically warned that U.S. troops should not be withdrawn if Syria simply agrees to a ceasefire, but it's possible that political pressure groups might favor that solution.

On the other hand, Reagan might resist all such pressures and maintain his resolve not to let Syria take over Lebanon. If that's the case, he has two choices: to step up U.S. combat activity significantly, hoping to shock Syria out of the picture, or to increase U.S. activity incrementally, as he has been doing, in order not to scare the American public. Depending on Assad's tenacity and Reagan's dexterity, either course might lead to disaster, or perhaps to America's first successful exercise of force since Vietnam.

MORTON KONDRACKE

A report from Beirut.

WASTED LEBANON

Beirut

When I arrived at the port of Junieh on August 31, the newly American-trained street fighters of the Lebanese Army's armored infantry battalion were sweeping masked Shiite and Druse gunmen from West Beirut's streets. Mortar rounds fired by the Army rained on West Beirut's streets and buildings. Colonel Arthur T. Fintel, chief of the U.S. office of Military Cooperation, called it "the toughest street fighting since World War II." After a night of wild firing, the city was, as Beirut state radio put it, "cleansed" of the gunmen. The price for the Army was about thirty-five killed and one hundred sixty wounded, a mere fraction of the thousands of new civilian and military casualties soon to follow.

As casualties mount, U.S. involvement deepens. Four Marines have already been killed and more than thirty injured. Since mid-September the Sixth Fleet off the Lebanese coast has pounded Syrian and pro-Syrian artillery in the hills overlooking Beirut; the U.S. Navy has reportedly air-dropped supplies to the makeshift air base used by Lebanon's Hawker Hunter air force fighters north of Beirut; and the seventeen hundred U.S. Marines dug in around the Beirut airport have been returning sniper and artillery fire that is sometimes aimed directly at them and sometimes at nearby Lebanese Army positions.

Nabih Berri, political leader of the Shiite Moslem movement known as Amal (which means "hope" in Arabic), told me bitterly that the Marines had "interfered and helped to prepare" the street fighting, and so "aided the Lebanese Army to kill our people." This was untrue, but nonetheless believed by many of the seven to eight hundred thousand Shiites who live in the narrow streets and ghettos of Bourj Al Barajneh—the largest enclave of Lebanon's largest single community—which stretch north from Beirut airport into West Beirut. It is in fact Shiite neighborhood snipers, not the Druse or Syrian artillery in the more distant mountain positions, which antagonize the Marines in the airport positions. Not a day passes without exchanges of fire in which the Marines have up to now shown great restraint.

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The next act was full-fledged war in the mountains between the sectarian militias: the pro-Syrian Druse fighters more or less loyal to Walid Jumblat on one side, and the so-called "Lebanese Forces," a Phalangist-dominated coalition of Maronite Christian fighters on the other. This war had already smoldered for months. The Phalangists, clinging to the coattails of the invading Israeli Army in June 1982, had forced themselves into Druse and mixed Christian-Druse villages, where the two communities had lived together in relative peace for over a century. The mountain war has involved dreadful atrocities committed by both sides in dozens of villages in the Shuf Mountains. Its acute phase was triggered by the long-awaited Israeli troop withdrawal to the Awali River line. This began in the late afternoon and evening hours of Saturday, September 3. I watched the Israeli tank columns clank southward at the Khalde Road junction south of the airport early Sunday, and saw nothing untoward. Other witnesses told me they saw rear guards of the departing Israelis firing rounds at both Maronite and Druse positions near Kfarmatta and other Shuf villages. If indeed this happened, and I have no reason to doubt the word of those who described it to me, it did little more than hasten by a few hours the start of what had long been predicted: the bloodiest communal war here since the 1860s, when the Maronites had called for help from their earlier foreign protectors, the French and the British.

As the Druse pushed back the Phalangists from village to village, the Lebanese Army attacked the Druse with its only two really first-class, U.S.-trained battalions. Slowly the Army pushed up toward the first ridges dominating the coast road at the Druse village Aramoun, and began a hard battle to capture and secure the town of Suk al Gharb.

WITHIN TEN DAYS of the Israeli withdrawal to the Awali River, Israeli armored columns were again patrolling northward from their heavily fortified line. They were, an Israeli officer in the port city of Sidon explained, determined to keep the Druse and Palestinian elements with them off the coastal highway to Beirut. They were also making a show of force, after Israel rejected a U.S. request to use Israeli air power to relieve Druse pressure on the Lebanese Army. The show of force, according to Israeli statements, was also intended as a warning to the Druse, who were encircling forty thousand or so Christian refugees and five thousand residents in the Shuf mountain village of Deir al Qamar, ex-President Chamoun's home town. In a television interview, Chamoun told me that the multinational forces—he obviously hoped they would be the U.S. Marines, not the French, Italians, or British—should fly to the relief of Deir al Qamar. The United States rejected this request.

Whether or not it was the Israeli threat that did it, the encircling Druse finally permitted Red Cross convoys to bring in supplies and water. The siege was complicated by the presence in one of the town's churches of Samir Geagea and some of his men, whom the Druse were determined to capture. (Geagea is the pro-Israeli Phalangist hardliner blamed by the Phalange's foes for many of Lebanon's bloodiest vendettas.) Thus far they have not succeeded.

By September 15 (after the French threatened to use their airpower aboard the French aircraft carrier *Foch*), the harassed U.S. Marines had been given permission by Washington to use both naval gunfire and air strikes to defend endangered American lives. By September 20 the U.S. frigate *Bowen* and the destroyer *John Rodgers* had returned the Syrian-controlled shelling with naval gunfire on many occasions. The tiny but determined Lebanese Air Force launched its British-made Hawker Hunter jets against the rebels surrounding the Lebanese Army's now besieged garrison in Suk al Gharb. U.S. Navy F-14 Tomcat planes flew reconnaissance missions from the U.S. carrier *Eisenhower*. By this time, the approximately two thousand Marines ashore and aboard the U.S. helicopter carrier *Iwo Jima* had been reinforced by a new task force: the *Iwo Jima*'s sister ship *Tarawa* and her escorts, carrying another two thousand Marines who were supposed to remain on the ships as a reserve force for those ashore. The Marine Amphibious Unit ashore was assisted by a thirty-three-man U.S. Army team from Fort Sill, Oklahoma. The team operated two weapon-locating radar sets, capable of pinpointing the enemy artillery batteries, and of guiding the return fire of the Marines' 155-mm guns defending the main marine base.

On the weekend of September 17, as Syria warned the U.S. Sixth Fleet about continuing to hit Syrian-controlled territory in support of the Lebanese Army, there was one crucial question: To what extent would the U.S. Marines and their French, Italian, and British fellow multinationals actively aid the Lebanese Army to halt the slow but steady advance of the pro-Syrian forces toward Beirut?

That weekend the ceasefire talks in Damascus were interruped by Moslem holidays and Syria's continued insistence that the Lebanese Army withdraw from its own territory in the mountains before there could be a ceasefire, as well as Syria's demands for the de facto creation of a small Druse state in the Shuf region (also a goal of Israel's policies in Lebanon). Saudi Prince Bandar Bin Sultan, Saudi Arabia's ambassador-designate to the United States, and Robert McFarlane, President Reagan's special envoy, were ready to try again, but the prospects looked bleak.

IF THE SYRIAN-ASSISTED forces continue to advance, the frail Lebanese government becomes in danger of falling, and the conflict could easily escalate into a major Syrian-U.S. clash. Then the Soviet Union, with several thousand military advisers and instructors assisting Syria, would also face a choice. Should the Kremlin risk its own air defense, electronic-intelligence, or other personnel in the Lebanese war, especially in exchanges of fire with the U.S. Sixth Fleet? Should it bet on the survival or the fall of the Gemayel regime in Lebanon, which Syrian President Hafez Al Assad has vowed to destroy? The United States, too, has a lot riding on the durability of the Gemayel regime. If the pro-Syrian forces overwhelmed Beirut, rein-

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stalling the P.L.O. and perhaps triggering revenge for the Phalangist murders of Palestinians in the Sabra and Shatila camps a year ago, would there be an ignominious departure of the U.S. Marines and a loss of remaining American influence? "Believe me," ex-Prime Minister and Lebanese Moslem elder statesman Saeb Salam told me, "if you Americans allow this to happen, every remaining pro-Western regime in the Arab world, including Saudi Arabia, will be threatened with revolution and destruction." A reason, surely, for the Marines to stay and shore up their Lebanese allies.

In any event, Syria will certainly continue to seek revenge on Lebanon for the Reagan Administration's role in brokering the May 17 Israel-Lebanon-U.S. agreement for withdrawal of the Israelis—despite the fact that by denying it Syria emerged as the ascendant power at the heart of Arab politics. Syria's opposition to the peace process begun at Camp David, and to the now virtually dead and buried Reagan peace initiative, would be vindicated in Arab eyes by a Syrian success in Lebanon. And, after years of Henry Kissinger's carefully crafted policy of excluding the Russians from Mideast maneuvering, Soviet arguments and Soviet protégés would be back in force.

These are all eventualities that American policymakers must consider. Whatever the obstacles in U.S. public and congressional opinion, and so far there are not many, President Reagan is sending Americans into a war for the survival of a government which may be necessary for the eventual rebuilding of Lebanon, but which controls, at this writing, less than 20 percent of its own territory.

JOHN COOLEY

John Cooley, an ABC news correspondent based in London, has written several books on the Middle East.

All the news that's fit to predict.

NEWSLETTER NOSTRUMS

IN THE PATHOLOGY of publishing, newsletters may be catalogued under "Anxiety." The country is alive with a subterranean conversation that surfaces in thousands of tiny journals for—and by—the conspiratorially minded. As a social diagnostic, newsletters reveal a curious corner of the national mind.

The Newsletter Association of America estimates there are more than three thousand subscription-only newsletters generating some $2 billion a year. (No other country boasts more than a few dozen.) What they have in common is the conviction (often legitimate) that the conventional news media overlook or distort important events. At the respectable end of the spectrum there are organizations like the Bureau of National Affairs, which, through several dozen publications, does yeoman service covering the daily bureaucratic round in Washington's plethora of government agencies. But there is another sort of newsletter, whose appeal rests on the premise that it delivers the inside story, the truth which the vested interests refuse to tell. By and large, the appeal is specious and the promise hollow.

Thus, the columnist Jack Anderson predicts the present, and sometimes the past, in *Future File*. *The American Sentinel* rewrites yesterday's headlines with a hard right slant, providing "actionable [sic] information for the '80s." According to the *Browning Newsletter*, tidal forces, volcanic eruptions, and lesser changes in the climate dictate social and economic woes. A man called Arch Crawford surveys the heavens for the astrological lowdown on the direction of the stock market, and reports his sightings in *Crawford Perspectives*. One-time hairdresser Joseph DeLouise—"Chicago's own Nostradamus"—publishes tomorrow's financial news today in *Prophet Sharing*. Alas, the *Terrorism, Violence and Insurgency Journal* has gone the way of the *Evangelical Marketing Report*, though surely to a different place, and is no more. In Los Angeles, meanwhile, the publisher of the *Syndrome News* struggles to fill the gap.

FOR INVESTMENT newsletters, the most numerous of the lot, timing is all. However, they are hard put to prove they're first with the news. In an efficient market, news is disseminated almost immediately—long before your newsletter arrives in the mail. In the absence of anything new to say, letter writers fall back on the sure-fire tactic of goading a reader until he squirms, then soothing him with a homily. *The Kiplinger Washington Letter*, the oldest and, with 550,000 subscribers, the largest in the business, has perfected the goad and soothe strategy. It's a grab bag of last week's headlines written in a terse . . . clipped . . . no-nonsense style: four pages on buff paper that the busy Babbitt can scan between appointments.

"Dear Client," the publisher, Austin Kiplinger, wrote one week last March, "*Aid to El Salvador*: Perhaps you don't care a hoot about it. . .whether the government there falls, whether the guerrillas finally win out. . . . Most Americans are only vaguely interested until they discover our government is mainly concerned because of the Marxist threat there, the threat of having another communist foothold right off our shores."

Reading on, we learn of a "peppy" housing recovery; "peppier" sales of building materials; how to buy computer software (ask your computer consultant); how the stock market looks ("O.K.")—nothing, in other words, that *The Wall Street Journal* doesn't report more ably. Yet the Kiplinger operation flourishes. George Kennedy, the executive editor, explains: "You don't get judgment on where interest rates are going [in a *Journal* story]. We tell you where we think they'll go." In an uncertain world, predigested news—a sort of blancmange of events—is evidently a popular item.

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But there are those who prefer gamier meat. Howard Ruff's *Financial Survival Report: Dispatches from the Financial War Room*, serves up an odd stew of financial advice of the apocalypse-now, "fever-phase-inflation-in-a-malarial-economy," genre seasoned with tidbits from Ruff's personal life. The financial advice appears to owe more to an ideological loyalty to hard money than to what's going on in markets and the economy. "Fever-phase inflation" was detected last February, just when most observers thought they recognized the first signs of the end to a painful period of disinflation. In fact, while Ruff was preaching the horrors of inflation, he was responding to the deflationary trend: a few months before, he had cut his subscription price from $145 a year to $69.

SINCE the financial advice is so bad, the appeal must lie elsewhere. I suspect it can be found in Ruff's eagerness to share the intimacies of his life with his readers. That same February issue was titled, "I'M A GIRL AGAIN, IT'S A DAD. If I sound a bit confused . . ." Yes you do. Sharing his thoughts on the occasion of the birth of a daughter, Ruff confided, "God must love her very much because he gave her the best mother on earth. If He rewards me beyond my worth by letting me be her father, who am I to question His wisdom?"

Ruff is not the only newsletter writer who enjoys the benevolent interest of the otherworldly. While shampooing heads in Chicago, hairdresser Joseph DeLouise discovered he could feel more than just scalps. He discovered an uncanny ability to "feel" a person's future. DeLouise eventually put his psychic powers to work in the stock market. Here's what he had to say in *Prophet Sharing* last January: "I feel most experts are taking the market for granted, which means they think it will continue upward. When this many people think *up*, it is giving me negative vibrations, which says it will go down approximately 100 points on the Dow."

A gift like this mustn't be wasted on the pursuit of lucre alone. DeLouise asks, "How is your cycle? If you are having marital problems, are burning out at your job, or losing money in the market, it is likely you are in down cycle." Nor does he confine his talent to his newsletter. DeLouise will feel a person's future over the phone. He asked me my birthdate, showed some difficulty working out my age, then paused for a long moment. I imagined the seer, head bent, caressing his throbbing temples, until in the dramatic fullness of time he quavered, "I feel . . . the crisis of the last year is over . . . I feel you will take a journey . . . I see water . . . You will travel by boat." And, indeed, not long after, I did.

From the ether it's a short hop to Iben Browning's house trailer among the piñons outside Albuquerque, home of the *Browning Newsletter*. Browning advises, among others, the Hunt Brothers of Texas, brokers at Paine Webber, and the top management at Sherwin-Williams. Browning relates social trends to climatic changes. He holds degrees in physics, math, and physiology. While working on Ploughshare, a government project to study peaceful uses of nuclear power, he became interested in the effects of atmospheric dust (nuclear bombs kick up a lot of it) on climate. He began to look at how volcanic activity and climate affect human behavior. Early this year, the *Browning Newsletter* pointed out the coincidence of the recession and the eruption of Mount St. Helens. But the dust has settled: "the probability of severe volcanic activity over the next five years is low." Good times are ahead until "the next period of severe volcanic and economic risk begins two to three years before the high tidal peak on 3 December 1990 . . . A severe recession or depression is indicated beginning in 1988 or 1989."

Thomas Commes, chief financial officer at Sherwin-Williams, told me recently, "Our feeling [at Sherwin-Williams] is that the mass media are typically always wrong. Browning offers unique insight into what's going on." As Browning puts it, "Newsletters are the only form in which the average businessman can get a bare knuckles report on what's going on." However, sometimes those knuckles are brass. In February the *Browning Newsletter* had its sixth anniversary, which prompted these thoughts:

> The writer's respect for business intellect has continually increased; and for the intellect of academia, government and politics have continually fallen. Agricultural, industrial, and business production are Man's assets; intellectualism, humanitarianism, and socialization are his overhead. Not only has the writer learned to begrudge the food and fuel used by overhead people; but even their oxygen utilization seems a criminal waste.

Redolent as Browning is, the heart of newsletter allure is the promise of inside information, which finds perfect expression in the Washington-based political newsletter. In the capital, where less happens than meets the eye, the search for hidden meanings is endless. *The American Sentinel* is "your inside report on National Defense, Foreign Affairs and Internal Security," especially internal security. The *Sentinel* provides its ten thousand readers with recycled tales of the two Americas—us, the traditional family, and them, the subversive elite. "With the *Sentinel*," its late editor told me, "we're not helping people make money but saving lives honor, freedom, all that good stuff." A sample: "What happened in 1980 with the election of RONALD REAGAN was a victory for the first America—a mandate for traditional standards . . . What has happened since, and is happening now, is the skillful counterattack of the elitists who want to cancel out this mandate . . . Winning elections is not enough. . . . Without continued vigilance and effort even the greatest victory at the polling place can be taken from us."

Also common is the political in-and-out game. "What's Happening . . . Who's Ahead . . . In Politics Today," begins each issue of the *Evans-Novak Political Report*; and each issue ends with the assurance that it is "prepared for the confidential information of our clients." Of course, this raises the question, Why are they keeping all this inside stuff out of their columns? And if it's not good enough for the columns, how do they explain charging $125 a year for

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the biweekly letter? "No room in a six-hundred-fifty-word column," Evans told me. Actually, the main difference between the column and the *Evans-Novak Political Report* is the latter's mock-telegraphic style. A sample: "In private chats with insiders, RR makes no effort to conceal the dramatic rise in his natural optimism: He sees political gold easier to mine from here to 1984, downplaying possible disasters ahead in Central America, and plotting a course that will exploit his sudden breakout from months of recession high interest-rate pain."

Time has not been kind to the literary quality of newsletters. The industry's progenitor is generally recognized to be Count Philip Eduard Fugger of Augsburg, a prominent German merchant of the sixteenth century. Fugger had his agents around the world send him detailed letters about local rumors, gossip, and news. On December 9, 1570, for example, a Fugger newsletter reported that two important Genoese houses had gone bankrupt after speculating on the Antwerp exchange. With skepticism and grace, Fugger's correspondent in Antwerp concluded, "Time will show which of these scoundrels wins the booty, and perhaps the gallows will be their summer dwelling."

Four hundred years later, we have the master scrounger of inside information, secret documents, and Kissingerian garbage cans, Jack Anderson. Joe Speer, Anderson's chief of staff, said that *Future File* exemplifies what Anderson calls "inductive journalism." "News Before It Happens," was the newsletter's subtitle before the format changed in April. The lead story that month was "REAGAN INSIDERS FEAR RECOVERY WILL FIZZLE BY FALL." Speer said that that story was based on anonymous sources. Had it been based on "a hot document," they would have rushed it into the column. So the documented appears in the column, the undocumented in the newsletters? "No, no, I didn't say that."

On that same front page is an Anderson classic: "THE AIR FORCE'S SECRET PLAN FOR SPACE WARFARE." It states, "Secret and top-secret Pentagon documents reveal. . . ." One of those documents, Anderson claims, is "an unpublished report titled 'Air Force 2000.' " Well, unpublished by Anderson anyway. "Air Force 2000" is dated November 1, 1982, and was widely covered when Air Force public relations men released it. The Anderson story continues: "Top Pentagon sources have identified the five areas of technology that the military considers most important." Yes, indeed. They're printed on page 16 of the report. Anderson lists them in the same order.

Judging from the performance of Anderson and his colleagues in the newsletter game, inside information is a scarce commodity, if it exists at all. Yet the readers appear not to mind being duped. After all, there's some comfort in the notion that one's lot in life is the product of dark purposes beyond one's ken. Not much, but some.

DANIEL NOSSITER

Daniel Nossiter, formerly the senior staff writer at *Barron's* magazine, now writes from Washington.

A 'bold gamble' that can't miss.

LABOR LETS FLY

AT THE BEGINNING of October—four months before the Iowa caucuses, and more than a year before the 1984 Presidential elections—the General Board of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. meets in Hollywood, Florida, to endorse Walter Mondale for President of the United States. Individual unions have often been active in Presidential primaries, sometimes against each other; but the A.F.L.-C.I.O. itself, organized labor's central body, has never before endorsed a Presidential candidate until after the nominating conventions of both parties. The endorsement is a major victory for the Mondale campaign—and it's also an important sign of change in both the labor movement and the Democratic Party.

When Lane Kirkland became president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in late 1979, he inherited an organization in severe disarray. For a decade, the A.F.L.-C.I.O's reputation had been on a downhill slide: its leadership was aging (George Meany was eighty-five when Kirkland succeeded him) and out of touch with both the younger work force of the Vietnam War era and the "new politics" generation in the Democratic Party.

Throughout the 1950s and 1960s, the A.F.L.-C.I.O played a central role in the development and passage of the Democratic agenda of that era: the civil rights laws, Medicare, aid to education, and the antipoverty programs of the Great Society. In 1968 the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and its political arm, COPE—the Committee on Political Education—led the come-from-behind Hubert Humphrey campaign which almost succeeded in defeating Richard Nixon. But four years later, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s rank-and-file leadership—almost all middle aged, white, male—were virtually excluded from the 1972 Democratic Convention by the delegate selection rules. The A.F.L.-C.I.O., deeply split, refused to endorse George McGovern in the general election, and remained neutral. After the 1974 midterm conference in Kansas City, Meany ordered COPE to stay out of D.N.C. matters altogether.

In 1976 several influential liberal unions, including the United Auto Workers, AFSCME, the Machinists, and National Education Association, formed a group called the Labor Coalition. Its stated purpose was to participate in the primaries and to build a sizable block of delegates, aiming to influence the convention toward the liberal agenda. The Coalition's unstated purpose was somewhat different: the liberal unions felt frustrated by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership, which was hawkish on defense and foreign policy issues and cautious on domestic issues. In part, the Labor Coalition was an effort to establish a rival power center within the labor movement.

The Labor Coalition, which claimed to have more than three hundred delegates in 1976, had hoped for a brokered convention. But Jimmy Carter won handily, and the Coali-

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tion was never in a position to exert leverage on the outcome. Nevertheless, the Coalition's program was generally considered a technical success; although the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsed Carter after the convention, the liberal unions enhanced their own reputations in political circles, at the Federation's expense. For the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the Labor Coalition's effort added insult to the injury already inflicted by the Democratic Party.

Finally, in 1980, the N.E.A., with 1.7 million members, conducted its own very successful primary effort in support of the Carter-Mondale campaign. The N.E.A., which is not an A.F.L.-C.I.O. member, succeeded in obtaining four hundred eighty delegates and alternates. Again, individual unions seemed to be filling a leadership vacuum left by the Federation.

The decline of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s influence on Democratic Presidential politics was matched by the decline of its influence on national domestic issues. George Meany's personality continued to dominate the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s operations until the day he resigned, but because of his deteriorating health and waning energies many important decisions were not made, and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s policy-making machinery developed a reputation for inflexibility. When Robert S. Strauss conducted the multinational trade negotiations, a matter of the highest importance to hard-hit industrial unions, he bypassed the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s trade staff completely and dealt sector by sector with leaders of individual unions. Nor could the A.F.L.-C.I.O. get its own labor legislation passed: common situs picketing legislation, which President Ford had vetoed in 1975, failed to pass at all in 1977, and an ambitious labor law reform package was narrowly defeated in 1979.

This decade of troubles for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. ended on the worst possible note: the landslide election of Ronald Reagan. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsed President Carter in the general election, but less than half of voters from labor families voted for Carter. The 1980 election seemed to confirm that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was out of touch with its own membership, and that its endorsement was of little political significance.

IN 1981, the first year in which Kirkland had any real latitude to develop his own programs, he began to take corrective action. In October, when congressional Democrats were still reeling from President Reagan's budget and tax victories, Kirkland led a vast "Solidarity Day" demonstration to protest Reaganomics. The gathering on the Mall in Washington attracted four hundred thousand people. It gave the dispirited A.F.L.-C.I.O. troops an organizational challenge, and it also gave Kirkland a symbolic opportunity to reach out to many of the groups—the National Organization of Women, for example—with whom the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s relations had been strained during the '70s. Kirkland also organized a series of six regional conferences designed to provide himself, Secretary-Treasurer Tom Donahue, and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. staff firsthand exposure to the concerns of rank-and-file members. The regional conferences are now held every year. Finally, Kirkland negotiated the return of the United Auto Workers to the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

It was also in 1981 that Kirkland first began to float the idea of a pre-primary endorsement for the 1984 Presidential elections. The decision has not been made lightly: the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s thirty-three-member Executive Council has discussed the proposal in most of its quarterly meetings over the last two years, and support both for the concept and for Walter Mondale is now virtually unanimous.

Although the decision to endorse before the primaries is being called a gamble, it is virtually certain to yield a major block of delegates at the '84 convention. The A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s program will be coordinated by the director of COPE, John Perkins, who is one of the ablest tacticians in national politics. COPE's budget for the primaries, when combined with the budgets of six or seven of the largest individual unions that will also be active, will total $10 to $12 million. When put in perspective, that number is staggering: at last report, the Mondale campaign had raised a total of $5.1 million, and expects to receive $4 to $5 million in federal matching funds; Glenn's fundraising efforts have been less successful than Mondale's by half. The A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s budget can't help but yield results in the larger industrial states with high percentages of labor families and in the twenty-six caucus states (with 37 percent of the total delegates), where turnout will be all important. For the first time since 1968, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s state and local leadership, together with the officers of its major unions, will be an important and unified factor at a Democratic Convention.

BUT WHAT IF Mondale loses the nomination despite a successful effort by labor? The A.F.L.-C.I.O. will still be better off than if it had remained neutral in the primaries. If the vote is close at the convention, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. will be in a position to influence the outcome; if it's not close, the winning candidate will be more than happy to have the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s support in the general election. And because labor's efforts in the primaries will have been unified, Kirkland and Perkins won't have to waste valuable time in the fall putting the pieces back together.

Walter Mondale will, of course, be the beneficiary of labor's program: the labor budget (though limited by law to efforts directed at union members) will be spent on Mondale's behalf, and the delegates thus elected will be pledged to Mondale. That seems simple enough. But there are those who argue that the advantages in money and volunteers of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement will be outweighed by one overwhelming disadvantage: the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement will confirm the public's suspicions that Mondale is a candidate who is driven to extremes—and contradictory extremes at that—because he kowtows to big labor and to the Democratic Party's special interests: blacks, women, Jews, environmentalists, gays, etc. According to this line of reasoning, the candi-

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date who accepts labor's endorsement will inevitably prove himself to be out of touch with a conservative American electorate which, the polls say, has a strong anti-union streak.

As a practical matter, however, labor's endorsement will have a moderating effect on both the substance and the tone of the Mondale campaign. The ninety-six A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions, with fourteen million members, represent a broad cross section of mainstream Democratic opinion: the positions finally adopted by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. on major issues are, of necessity, centrist positions. In fact, I can't think of a single significant national issue on which the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s position is not more centrist than Mondale's. For example, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has not endorsed a nuclear freeze, supports the MX missile, and calls for a 5 to 7 percent real increase in defense spending. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement has been offered without doctrinaire demands, and Kirkland has made it clear that Mondale is free to run his own campaign as he sees fit—an example that commends itself to other, more vocal segments of the Democratic Party. Nor are the other Democratic candidates likely to make labor's endorsement a campaign issue. Any of them will be pleased to have labor's support if Mondale stumbles.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Granted, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s positions and the tone of the campaign are unlikely to alter the ways voters see unions. Even so, it seems rather risky to predict how broad public attitudes about labor will affect the fifty-two wildly different caucuses and primaries that are involved in the Democratic delegate selection process. Democratic caucuses and primaries are notorious for surprises: in the 1972 Georgia Democratic caucus, to pick one example, Edmund Muskie ran third behind George McGovern and Shirley Chisholm, an outcome that surely could not have been predicted by studying opinion polls. Six of the Southeastern states select their delegates by caucus this year; although labor is weak in these states, so are the other Democratic political organizations, and a well-financed labor effort could, even in some Southern states, have a significant impact on turnout.

In retrospect, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s forced exit from the Democratic Party in the early '70s—and the subsequent infighting among its member unions—was a part of a broader pattern in the Democratic Party. If mainstream labor leaders were absent from the party's conventions and midyear meetings during that time, so were most Democratic Senators, Representatives, Governors, and other local elected officials. And it's no coincidence that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is now returning to Democratic Party politics at a time when many mainstream elected officials are returning, too. A labor leader, after all, is an elected official who must campaign for office in elections that are governed by federal law. Like other elected officials, labor leaders like to keep their jobs: after three years of Ronald Reagan and the worst unemployment since the Great Depression, there are not many labor leaders left (and not many Democratic Senators and Representatives either) who are out of touch with their members. Although the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement has been called a bold gamble, I suspect Lane Kirkland would admit privately that he is only one step ahead of where his members want to go.

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. decision is an important outward sign that mainstream Democrats and their elected officials are once again comfortable with their party's direction and image. That's a political sea change of the first order; it may, in fact, invalidate many of the assumptions that have become second nature to Democrats in the last decade (including, perhaps, the assumption that smart candidates run against the "special interests").

The A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s endorsement could well be a pivotal event in a year of great change in the Democratic Party. If so, Walter Mondale will be the immediate beneficiary, and his foresight and shrewd staff work will have produced major—perhaps decisive—results. But the real beneficiaries will be the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the Democratic Party. If Kirkland's strategy proves correct, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s image and institutional health will be vastly improved—and so will the Democratic Party, no matter who its candidate turns out to be.

LANDON BUTLER

Landon Butler, liaison to labor in the Carter White House, is a Washington businessman.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Two Anomalous Careers

Georg Wilhelm Pabst (1885-1967) had the most oddly mixed career of any eminent director. Raised and educated in Vienna—like that other famous "German" director, Fritz Lang, Pabst was Austrian—he studied engineering, then art, then he became an actor and joined

Diary of a Lost Girl
(Kino International)

a German-speaking troupe that came to America. He played here for four years, mostly in New York at the Irving Place Theater (the shell of which still stands); then, returning to Europe, he arrived in France just in time to be interned for the four years of World War I. He directed some plays during his internment; after the war, he detached himself from a possible theater career in Austria to enter films in Berlin.

His film direction began in 1923 with a loose adaptation of *The Golem* called *The Treasure* and went on through more than thirty-five works, including Garbo's first picture outside Sweden (*The Joyless Street*); an Ilya Ehrenburg adaptation (*The Love of Jeanne Ney*); the first film to employ Freudian advisers (*Secrets of a Soul*); a pacifist film (*Westfront 1918*); a workers-solidarity film (*Kameradschaft*); a Brecht adaptation (*The Threepenny Opera*); Chaliapin's one sound film (*Don Quixote*), made in France where Pabst had gone to avoid Hitler; a Hollywood dud with Richard Barthelmess (*A Modern Hero*). After his sidestepping of Hitler, Pabst returned to Austria in 1939—briefly, he thought, on family business, before returning to the United States and becoming a citizen. But Goebbels found the means to persuade him to remain, and he made three pictures under Hitler, two of which survive and, though period pieces, can be construed as supportive of the regime. *Then*, after the war, he made an anti-Nazi film about the fall of Berlin (*The Last Ten Days*) and an attack on anti-Semitism (*The Trial*).

Among the many titles omitted from this strangely variegated list are the two films he made with Louise Brooks; and retrospectively it's clear that the juncture of his anomalous career with hers is what made her own career anomalous. One of those films is famous and widely known: *Pandora's Box* (1929), derived from Wedekind's two Lulu plays. The other has been widely discussed but has been available only in 16mm form: *Diary of a Lost Girl* (also 1929). *Diary* is now having its first theatrical release in the United States on a double bill with *Pandora's Box* which has been booked into several American cities.

Diary was made from a popular novel by Margarete Böhme (a film of it had previously been done by Richard Oswald in 1918) and was meant to be a story of the decline into sin of a bourgeois girl who is seduced: and of her triumph over sin through sin—that is, her use of prostitution to redeem and establish herself. This indeed may have been the story that Pabst filmed, but it's not complete in the version now or, apparently, ever shown. Right from the beginning, censors ripped into it. Said the writer of the screenplay, Rudolf Leonhardt, "Entire filmed sequences were cut without mercy. . . . The film comes to an end shortly after the middle of our script, inconclusively and incomprehensibly." I have no way to compare the present version with the first or other versions, but, as now shown, the film certainly ends abruptly, has patent elisions, and clouds some motivations. (For instance, it's hard to understand why this strictly reared young girl, just having had her first communion, immediately accepts a man's invitation to his apartment.)

The substantial and mostly fascinating sequences that are left in this version are done in the *hoch* realistic style of the second half of the German 1920s, that New Objectivity which rose largely as reaction to postwar expressionism. Some of Pabst's symbols are pat: the girl's foot accidentally kicks over a glass of red wine on a bedside table as she is about to be deflowered; feeling sad at a later point, she gazes out through a rain-streaked window. A few set pieces are enjoyed a bit overmuch by the director (the governess of a girls' reformatory beats a gong to set the tempo of the girls' eating of their soup). But the picture breathes earnestness: it wants to press into the intertwinings of power and sex and money.

Two other sheerly cinematic factors stand out. First, this really is a silent film. People sit in pairs or groups and don't speak—they nod or frown or smile or observe—until it's time for an intertitle: then their lips move. If there *had* been a microphone in most of these scenes, the soundtrack would have long empty stretches. (In this print, the intertitles are in French—the print was made in France. English subtitles, of course.)

Second, much of the naturalistic relish of the film had been anticipated by Erich von Stroheim in Hollywood. Stroheim doubtless had seen some German films before he made *Blind Husbands* and *Foolish Wives* and *Greed*; but it's a safe bet that Pabst had seen Stroheim's films before he made the two in this double bill. The seeming realism that is in fact highly manipulated—with lighting, with telling detail of clothes or fur-

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Zelig. Woody Allen half-does it again. A very bright idea for a social comedy, about a man who changes personae to please people; but after the idea, no film.

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nishing, with ingested symbol—are all Stroheim hallmarks. So is the reliance on intense close-ups of unattractive faces, used to rebut the conventional cosmetics of filmmaking. In *Diary* the face of the stout madam of the girl's brothel, the face of her customer, Kurt Gerron (who the following year played the manager of Dietrich's troupe in *The Blue Angel*)—these and others are pure Stroheim.

BUT MORE IMPORTANT than any of these factors in *Diary*, and the reason for its appearance now, for the entire double bill, is Louise Brooks. Since the publication of Kenneth Tynan's interview in 1979 and especially since the publication of Brooks's own book *Lulu in Hollywood* last year, interest in her has revived strongly. Her one French film, *Prix de Beauté*, was shown earlier this year: I daresay other Brooks films will follow. I haven't seen them all and can't clearly remember all that I have seen; but it seems safe to say that she owes much of her mystique to Pabst. It was Howard Hawks's *A Girl in Every Port* that brought her to Pabst's attention, but if it weren't for her two Pabst films, Brooks today would likely not be any more an icon of revived devotion than her contemporary, the gorgeous Evelyn Brent. Pabst not only gave Brooks the two best roles of her career, he dressed and photographed her brilliantly to make the most of her sullenly beautiful face with those immense almond eyes and of her uniquely erotic body. (It's not cream puffs like Monroe nor feline legginess like Cyd Charisse: it's lithe sturdiness, which suggests boudoir athleticism.)

Because Brooks's personal qualities completely suffuse the screen, a lot of critics have written a lot of nonsense about her acting ability. I can't remember anything she has done in a film that could be called much more than competent behaving—nothing like intensely imagined and fluently articulated acting. I flatly disagree with Lotte Eisner, the invaluable film historian, who concludes that Brooks "is not just a ravishing creature but an amazing actress." To restrict comparison only to beauties who *could* act, I can't imagine Brooks doing anything remotely comparable to Garbo's deathbed scene in *Camille*. Brooks had powers that could compensate for her non-acting.

Argue, if you like, that one attribute of the film medium is that, in the right

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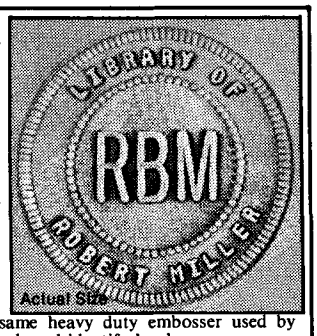

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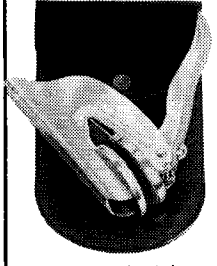

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director's hands, it can make a nonactor wonderfully effective if he/she has a strong erotic (or other) personality. But that is a quite different argument from the balderdash on Brooks's acting talent. Let's do at least two things about the matter. Let's keep our critical discriminations as clean as we can. And let's enjoy to the utmost—which in proof is a good deal—what Brooks gives us under the guidance of the truly talented Pabst and his colleagues.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Boards versus Artists

On the eve of a new season in the arts, many cultural institutions are engaged in ongoing internal disputes, which in some cases are endangering their continuing existence. Tensions are often present in collective creative enterprises—people of temperament don't always work easily together—but it's hard to recall a time when the quarrels have been so numerous or so well publicized. Usually content to record the malpractices of politicians and corporate executives, investigative journalism is now eavesdropping on the boardrooms and rehearsal halls of opera companies, theaters, symphony orchestras, dance groups, and foundations, making the normally sequestered issues dividing professionals, trustees, and management an occasion for a spree of press exposés.

The New York Times alone, in recent weeks, has featured articles on the donnybrook in progress between the board of Lincoln Center and the board of the Vivian Beaumont, the saga of the musician's strike against the New York City Opera Company and the backstage bickering among its trustees, the fiscal and artistic problems of the Stratford Shakespeare Festival in Canada, the nonmusical discord being recorded between symphony orchestra conductors and their players, the promotion of James Levine and the prospects of the Anthony Bliss regime at the Met, the spiritual malaise afflicting resident theaters throughout the country, even the disputes over grants occurring among the officers of the MacArthur Foundation. This makes for fascinating reading, but in the aggregate it also suggests that something has soured inside our cultural institutions, which is not entirely explained by the straitened economic condition of the arts at the present time.

The case of the Beaumont is representative. Always the problem child of the Lincoln Center family, it is now being told it will be kicked out of the house altogether if it doesn't straighten up its room. Previous regimes at the Beaumont (there have been five in twenty years) were criticized for their programs; the current leadership is being faulted for its lack of program. The Beaumont has now been dark for five of the last six years, and if Richmond Crinkley, the current director, has his way, renovations will keep it dark indefinitely. Crinkley's preference for reading blueprints instead of developing artistic policy, for collecting building funds instead of raising production money, is the major issue dividing the board of Lincoln Center and the board of the Beaumont, which recently voted (in the absence of its president and chairman) to extend Mr. Crinkley's contract another two years.

In retaliation, the Lincoln Center board voted to deny the Vivian Beaumont the name of Lincoln Center, and to cut off all income from the garage and the corporate drive, charging that the Beaumont had failed to fulfill the central condition of its lease, namely to produce plays. This function Mr. Crinkley still stoutly refuses to perform—very shrewd of him considering that the one season he managed to throw together was singularly lacking in ambition, artistry, or taste. Thus far, in fact, Mr. Crinkley has failed to display any credentials for his job whatever, apart from an extraordinary capacity, through politicking and lobbying his handpicked trustees, to hold onto it. And while he keeps the Beaumont, along with the smaller more experimental Mitzi Newhouse, boarded up, he spends his leisure time producing on Broadway and trying to auction off the name of the Beaumont auditorium to the highest bidder. Meanwhile, he continues to draw a substantial salary plus fringe benefits and expenses—handsomely rewarded, like farmers paid for not growing alfalfa, for not producing plays.

This backstage drama has limited entertainment possibilities, which will have to serve until the time, if ever, when some genuine theater is staged at the Beaumont. But it begins to suggest a fundamental reason why the Beaumont, along with so many other artistic institutions, is experiencing such traumas these days. The problem is a vacuum of leadership. Given the circumstances, one cannot question the appropriateness of the actions taken against the Beaumont, though there is a question whether Lincoln Center is legally empowered to influence the independence of one of its resident members. On the other hand, a board will seldom dare to question the conduct of a creative organization, or make a grab for power, unless there is a leadership failure. Lacking a strong director, the trustees will move in like sharks the moment they sense a loss of energy or commitment.

And this has been the case increasingly with the arts as the first generation of America's cultural leaders has begun to die or retire. The founder of a theater or a dance company or an orchestra or an opera is the person who determines its vision and direction. It is this individual who defines the identity of the institution, who informs and articulates its goals and direction. Boards are then formed, to help with fundraising and to establish links with the community, and as long as the leader remains firm in his conviction, these boards are content with their limited roles. If not, they are replaced. When the trustees of Trinity Repertory in Providence, for example, tried to fire its founding artistic director, Adrian Hall, after a controversial season, he responded by disbanding the board and starting a new one composed of more loyal supporters. And when Joseph Papp took over the Beaumont, he insisted on a board that accepted the limits of its powers—contributing to the fiscal strength of the theater rather than trying to influence its policy.

Nobody at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis would have dared to tell its founder what to produce or how to produce it, any more than people

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would have told Balanchine how to choreograph or Picasso how to paint. But the directors who succeeded Tyrone Guthrie have all been under managerial constraints to keep subscriptions stabilized and budgets in balance, to the point where the current artistic head—a world-famous European experimental director—has been charged with producing a summer season composed entirely of musicals, sequentially scheduled since the theater no longer performs in rotating repertory.

After the first generation of founding artists, in other words, the director tends to become an employee rather than a leader—handpicked by a board which thereafter controls his destiny. The obsessional quality of the enterprise gives way to more cautious and careful management, while the director spends his time not just planning a season and producing plays but winning the confidence of his board, a process which Peter Zeisler of Theater Communications Group calls "interaction, mutual respect, communications and concern—a commitment to partnership [which] makes new demands on everyone." Zeisler goes on to argue the need for more education of trustees, so they will realize that success does not mean momentary popularity or box-office appeal or even critical acclaim but rather the "less visible development that ensures long-term artistic achievement." But he is nevertheless responding to a condition in which trustees have gained considerable power over the running of theaters, and where weakened artistic leaders, instead of exercising the authority originally invested in their positions, are now behaving in recognition of the fact that they serve at the discretion of their boards.

THE ANALOGY WITH our cherished electoral institutions makes it difficult to criticize a procedure so consensual in its design. But the most adventurous art is not democratic; it is autocratic, and little of consequence has ever come out of "interaction" with partners who need to be educated into a passion for the creative process (the true supporter, who already feels this passion, doesn't need "interaction"). I fear Zeisler's cordial appeal is a prescription less for positive collaboration than for consensus mediocrity, less a basis for mutual understanding than an invitation into the turmoil we now see afflicting many nonprofit institutions. It

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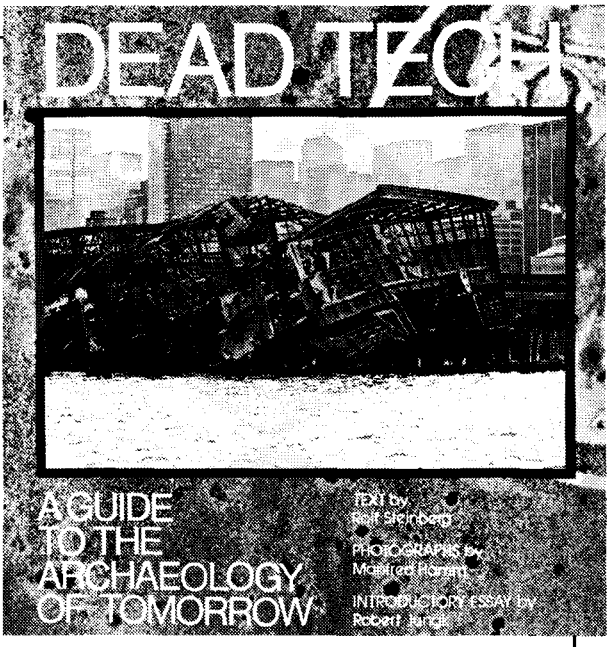
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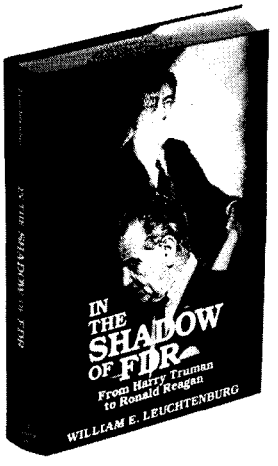

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is a well-known fact of American culture, perhaps reflecting the values of a materialistic society, that we have always been more comfortable with management structures and architectural plans than with the troublesome intangibles of the creative imagination. It is not just Richmond Crinkley who knows that money is more easily raised for a renovated theater with somebody's name on it than for an actor's salary or a playwright's fee. But if we don't want all our cultural institutions to turn into abandoned artifacts visited by tourists who no longer know their function, then the new generation of artistic leaders had better regain control of their companies, fill the leadership vacuum, and fire their institutions with some of their original conviction.

BODY AND SOUL

The Sacrifice
by Frank Bidart

(Random House, 63 pp., $10, Vintage paper $5.95)

In the harrowing poems of Frank Bidart's new book, it is difficult to distinguish the cries of the saint from the shrieks of the damned. The forms that Bidart used earlier in *Golden State* (1973) and *The Book of the Body* (1977)—the dramatic monologue, the case history, and an eccentric punctuation—recur here, but they are put to new uses in the six poems that make up the book. In Bidart's strange combination of excruciating confession and clinical detachment, the book considers the war to the death between mental (or spiritual or aesthetic) life and the life of the body (sexual, appetitive, seductive). The desires of the Christian saints to mortify the flesh, to refuse food and sexual experience, and to abjure society, become here only special instances of the universal asceticism demanded, at least to some extent, of everyone who finds himself living the life of the mind. The grim words of St. Paul, that the spirit lusts against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit, concern the same struggle that appears here centrally placed in a poem by Catullus, *Odi et amo*. Bidart treats the poem as a rebuttal; an opponent says, "Why do you hate the world so much?" and the poet answers,

> I hate *and* love. Ignorant fish, who even wants the fly while writhing.

The writhing of this book between desire and disgust reappears in the elegy on a friend who died of cancer. The friend has vacillated in life between a grasping at experience and a repudiation of it:

> alive, you abruptly needed
> not to answer the phone for days: ballet tickets
> unused: awake all night: pacing
> the apartment: untouchable: chain smoking.

At death, offered the cup of "Forgetfulness," does the divided soul reach for it gratefully? The poem decides not: to become pure spirit, solitary, is not within human capacity. On the contrary, souls at the general Resurrection, given another chance at life, would choose a life of the body more social and more human than before: "*The phone is plugged in, please call, / I will answer it.*" This fantasy is guaranteed by the final act of the dying friend, who staves off death in order to see her sister once more and mend the relationship, asking,

> DO YOU FORGIVE ME?
> Then: WILL YOU MISS ME?

—the voice reduced to the barest of exchanges.

The soul's need to acknowledge and enter into the social and domestic world, and the absolute irreconcilability of that world with the mental world—solitary, estranged, fierce, concentrated—brings Bidart's chief protagonists toward either suicide or madness. In the long poem that begins this book (and that won the *Paris Review* prize last year), "The War of Vaslav Nijinsky," Nijinsky's madness moves within a double guilt, the personal guilt felt by the dancer toward his family, whom he attempts to kill, and the common or collective guilt for which the artist is the expressive channel—in the case of Nijinsky, the collective sin of World War I.

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In their several ways, modernist artists felt the necessity of embodying in their work the change in consciousness produced by the war: when Eliot wrote, "Jerusalem Athens Alexandria/Vienna London" he included the contemporary catastrophe in the spectacle of the inevitable collapse of each culture. Yeats aspired to the lofty unreachableness of Himalayan monks or the gaiety of Chinese sages who watch as "all things fall and are built again"; but both Eliot in *The Waste Land* and Bidart in "Nijinsky" suggest that the artist cannot, like monks or sages, detach himself. Instead he must reenact the cultural crisis in himself, re-presenting, through the sense-medium of art, the historical moment, known for what it is.

THE CONTORTED DRAMA of Bidart's "Nijinsky" is pieced together from factual sources, but it arises from these pages as a play of voices (in this sense, too, it descends from *The Waste Land*). Nijinsky's voice is by turns hysterical, grief stricken, horrified, elegiac, manic, and sane—but always intense, uninterruptable, compelling, as he holds us with his glittering eye. Nijinsky possesses three type fonts: CAPS for important words and axiomatic truths (chiefly ghastly ones); *italics* for a rise in pitch, an insistence; and roman for a base line. Nijinsky's wife and friends talk and write in prose printed in roman. They use normal punctuation; Nijinsky uses Bidart's full repertoire of notation, including ellipses, dashes (some preceded by a comma or a colon, some not; some followed by a semicolon, some not), exclamation points, quotation marks, and so on. Nijinsky also speaks in verse, in short bursts of one or two lines, some beginning at the left margin, some along different tabstops (so to speak) across the page. We may conclude from this that "ordinary people," who feel (either by nature or by will) none of the divisions which disturb artists, keep an even and uninterrupted "prose" tenor; divided souls have italic intensities, irregularities of emotional pulse, elliptic reveries, exclamatory excitements, and upper case insights. The irreconcilability of the two styles—Nijinsky's feverish broken utterance and the world's "sane," reasonable, and offended prose—enacts Bidart's aesthetic dilemma. He avoids the sentimentality attending the stereotype of the *poète maudit* by making Nijinsky both dangerous and unjust toward his wife and children. In his wish to throw pure lyric up against the most ordinary prose, as if to say that lyric had to take stock of its relation to the everyday management of life, Bidart is a descendant of Pound and Williams. The mutually critical relation of solitary lyric and the social world (to put the quarrel in only one set of many possible terms) can no longer, after the modernists, be avoided.

BIDART'S SYMPATHIES with the lyric side of the quarrel are evident; but in making his poem one about guilt, he also reflects the predicament of the innocent bystanders who suffer from their contact with genius, and asserts the falsity of any claim that the artist, however pure his aesthetic intent, can escape human error, evil, or destructiveness. Like Yeats, Bidart chooses a self-choreographing dancer as the case in which the artist, his art, and the medium of his art are indistinguishable from each other. But Yeats's dancer was probably female, and in any case, though solitary, entirely lyric, and grateful to the eye. Bidart's dancer is male; he dances a dance so horrible that people flinch, and includes the destructive and even psychotic elements of human life in his art, as he dances World War I:

> When the audience was seated, he picked up a chair, sat down on it, and stared at them. Half an hour passed. Then he took a few rolls of black and white velvet and made a big cross the length of the room. He stood at the head of it, his arms opened wide. He said: "Now, I will dance you the War, which you did not prevent and for which you are responsible." His dance reflected battle, horror, catastrophe, apocalypse. An observer wrote: "At the end, we were too much overwhelmed to applaud. We were looking at a corpse, and our silence was the silence that enfolds the dead."
>
> There was a collection for the Red Cross. Tea was served. Nijinsky never again performed in public.

Though the content of Yeats's poetry reflects "battle, horror, catastrophe, apocalypse," that content for the most part is conveyed by a form of exquisite modulation, firm syntax, and lofty stanza-form: Yeats never lost his attachment to *ottava rima*, rime royal, the sonnet. And his dancer stood, among other things, for that harmony of form that could enclose and mediate the disorder of life. When Eliot wrote *The Waste Land* in broken form (though a form haunted

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by the specter of lyric musicality) he began the process that we can see present in Bidart's broken form. But Bidart's verse has no ghost of the pentameter behind it. It comes out in short, impulsive phrases, those phrases characteristic of the American lyric since Williams.

The rhythm of life that lies behind this book is phrased most baldly in the title poem, "The Sacrifice," which takes the life of Jesus as the paradigm of earthly life, but not in the usual religious fashion. Here, the essential actors are Christ and Judas, the betrayed and the betrayer. Jesus loved the world, underwent betrayal by someone who purported to love him, and sacrificed his life, shouldering the guilt of the world; Judas, shouldering the guilt of his action, killed himself. The modern instance offered by the poem is that of a daughter unable to bear her mother's death agony, yet unable to kill her; feeling she has betrayed her mother, she kills herself. By taking such a banal instance—filial helplessness at the parental deathbed—Bidart forces the issue with each reader, refusing to euphemize one of the commonest causes for "irrational" guilt:

> Christ knew the Secret. Betrayal
> is necessary; as is woe for the betrayer.

One could almost be reading graffiti; the melodrama of the style derives from the modern ripping away of veils.

A far more successful poem, I think, is "The Confessional," a long imitation of a psychiatric session, or series of sessions, in which the analyst speaks in italics and the client in the fantastic "lyric" mode of Nijinsky. The client exposes the relation between himself and his mother—their *folie à deux* caused by her obsessive love for him, her "nervous breakdown," her demands, his obsessive love for her, his success in supplanting both his father and stepfather:

> —I assure you, though I was a *"little boy,"*
> I could be far more charming,
> sympathetic,
> full of sensibility, *"various,"* far more
> an understanding and feeling
> ear for my mother's emotions, needs,
> SOUL
>
> than any man, any man she met,—

The result, when the client grew to adulthood, was a stranglehold he felt he had to break:

> TO SURVIVE, I HAD TO KILL HER
> INSIDE ME.

This relation is compared to the relation

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of Augustine and his mother Monica: they, according to the *Confessions*, succeeded in attaining an idyllic relation, both aspiring, in a joint project, to sainthood. The wretched veiled hostility between the client and his mother, mutually critical in adulthood ("*Forgiveness doesn't exist*"), lasted until death.

In the poem, the idyll between Augustine and his mother takes place in a long lyric flight, with musically sustained sentences generating clause after clause of aspiration and rapture. The poem sees this as a fantasy no longer available to us, and it ends crucified on its twin analytic truths:

> *Man needs a metaphysics;*
> *he cannot have one.*

Against this voice of reason, Bidart's volume places its last idyll, a "translation" of Genesis 1-2:4, the *ur*-poem. In the modern manner, this is a re-creation, depending on various previous English translations, with help from commentators about the meaning of the Hebrew.) Here there are no frenzied or analytical italics: God speaks in caps and the narrator speaks in roman with caps for the large items in the universe (HEAVEN, EARTH, OCEAN, SEASONS, and so on). The punctuation, too, is seemly—commas and periods. But we see (tutored by Bidart's previous practice) that the narrator and God are both composing poetry (with the irregular lines, the varying left margins, the uneven groups of lines, that we know from Nijinsky's speech). Can there be a poetry of this sort, the "translation" asks—a poetry of creation without madness, destruction, "intensity," hysteria, betrayal? Can a measured and rhythmic lyricism be attained in this century?

IN REACHING BACK to the moment before guilt and betrayal entered the world, Bidart asks whether there is an imagination as benevolent as it is grim, one that in the midst of conflict can stop to imagine harmony. The Genesis poet lived in a fallen world; he knew the story of Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel. And yet he was able to write of something idyllic. In recalling the vegetarian prescription for man ("YOUR MEAT SHALL BE / PLANTS, SEEDS, FRUIT . . . / NOT THE CREATURES OF THE EARTH"), Bidart's poem makes the protest against slaughter made earlier by Nijinsky's dance. In ending his volume with the prelapsarian ideal invented by the Genesis poet or by his culture, Bi-

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dart allies himself with those artists who say, like Yeats's father, that poetry concerns itself with the creation of paradises—but, Bidart would add, only in the exceptional instance.

The purposes of lyric, as they emerge from Bidart's book, are several. In the first place, lyric serves as a repository for the visionary and the harmonious, as in Augustine's and Monica's joint heavenly flight, or as in God's supreme invention of the cosmos. In the second place, lyric serves as a vehicle for emotions and actions too "intense" for "prose"; lyric is needed for the reproach to the conditions of existence underlying "The Confessional," for the violent incorporative act of the artist in taking the whole activity of his culture into consciousness and re-enacting it in expressive form, for deathbed betrayals and erotic paradox. Thirdly, lyric serves as the genre for literary aria; surrounded by the *recitative* of every day, the voice in lyric elaborates itself into the *bel canto* of words (for which Bidart's inventive notation is of course a symbol). Lastly, lyric is the genre of pressure; it compresses into a few pages, in a montage of cinematic flashes, the strains of a whole life, and it compresses as well, by means of a few symbols, the metaphysical dilemmas of mind and flesh.

HELEN VENDLER

Helen Vendler's *The Odes of John Keats* will be published in November by Harvard University Press.

A FORGOTTEN HERO

Attlee
by Kenneth Harris

(Norton, 630 pp., $25)

This comprehensive biography of Clement Attlee is long overdue. Those who can recall his remarkable postwar administration in Britain now rarely speak of him. Those who are any younger may not even know his name. Yet his achievements were remarkable. He was without question one of the most important statesmen of this century.

The barest outline of his accomplishments is telling enough. After he was elected leader of the Labour Party in 1935, he kept it free from all entanglements with the Communists, even defeating the campaign to join the Popular Front. In the general election of 1945, which was held after the end of the war in Europe, he led the Labour Party to a landslide victory over the Conservatives, in spite of Churchill's prestige as a war leader. The government which he formed then carried through, as Kenneth Harris puts it, "a program of legislation so massive and so radical that, however controversial, it entitles him to be regarded as a great Prime Minister."

Even during the war he had been frankly suspicious of Russia's motives, and after the war he saw quickly that the Soviet Union was a threat to peace. He kept the Labour government and the Labour Party behind the Anglo-American alliance. He took Britain into NATO. It was he who decided that Britain should have an independent nuclear deterrent. In other areas, "If any one man can be said to have given India her independence it was Attlee," as Kenneth Harris says. He misunderstood the situation in Palestine, but he took the responsibility of ending the British mandate. All in all, the decisions he had to take were fateful, and he chose well.

Yet he seemed to many of his contemporaries to be an unprepossessing man. He looked very much like the most everyday bank clerk. He always chose, because he liked it, a suburban life. When he became Prime Minister, one of the quips which the Conservatives made was: "An empty taxi arrived at 10 Downing Street, and when the door opened Attlee got out." Certainly if he had lived a little later, he would hardly have made a mark on television. He was just as ordinary in appearance, and not nearly as colorful in other ways, as Harry S Truman, the President of the United States with whom he had to work. Their partnership remains one of the most fortunate coincidences in modern history.

Kenneth Harris does not mention a television program which was made by Edward Murrow, yet no one who saw it at the time will ever forget it. Murrow was then experimenting with the new technologies which enabled him to interview people on both sides of the Atlantic simultaneously. In this particular program he interviewed Attlee and Truman together, not long after both men had left office. (Truman had been President from April 1945 to January 1953; Attlee had been Prime Minister from July 1945 to October 1951.) At the beginning, in his marvelously winning way, Murrow invited the two men, since they had cooperated together for so long, to address each other by their first names. Attlee and Truman, from a generation now long past, demurred a little, and then said awkwardly in their clipped voices: "Good evening, Harry," "Good evening, Clem." What followed was one of the most memorable of television interviews: two wily politicians, once considered nondescript by their contemporaries, who had risen to the top. We hear much of the collaboration between Churchill and Roosevelt during the war, but the postwar collaboration of Attlee and Truman was just as significant and intriguing.

The omission of this interview points to one of the weaknesses of Harris's otherwise most worthy biography. He limits the materials which he uses far too much to conventional sources. State papers, cabinet documents, parliamentary debates, public speeches, private correspondence: those are all, except for his own earlier interviewing of Attlee and of some of the other characters who figure in the story. The only newspaper he consults is too often *The Times* of London, and although I can recognize an editorial or two for which I was responsible, I would not rely on *The Times* as always the most pungent observer of the events of the time. The real fault of the book as an essay in contemporary history is that one would not know from it that Harris lived and worked as a journalist during those years.

Who was Clement Attlee that he could humble the great war hero in the

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hour of his triumph, and then accomplish in peace as much as Churchill had accomplished in war? He was the son of a successful and prosperous solicitor. His father lived in "a large, ugly, comfortable house" in Putney, one of the London suburbs, still among green fields, which were then havens for the solid Victorian middle class. His father was not ostentatious with his wealth. But his house had a short drive wide enough to admit carriages; he put down a tennis court; he employed a cook, a housemaid, and a parlormaid full time, while the gardener and governess came in daily; and he sent all his daughters to finishing schools on the Continent. It was the heyday of the professional middle class in England.

So much was it their heyday that one Attlee governess, Miss Hutchinson, had been formerly employed by a great nobleman, none other than Lord Randolph Churchill, to instruct the young Winston. Miss Hutchinson

> made it clear to the Attlees that educating Winston had its problems. On one occasion at the Churchill home a maid had gone into a room to answer the bell, to be informed by the infant Winston: "I rang. Take away Miss Hutchinson. She is very cross."

We can be sure that the young Clement never treated Miss Hutchinson like that.

ALTHOUGH ATTLEE'S upbringing followed a conventional middle-class course, he very early showed that he had a mind of his own. "Ours was a deeply religious home," one of his sisters later said, both in teaching and in daily observance. But even as a boy, Attlee questioned not only its Anglican atmosphere, but the existence of God as well. "So far as I was concerned," he recalled in the plain language so characteristic of him, "it was mumbo-jumbo . . . it meant nothing to me one way or the other." He simply "could not take it." This undramatic apostasy was less important, however, than his conversion to socialism.

His father was a committed Liberal. Both his parents revered reformers like Wilberforce and Shaftesbury. But they did not basically question the economic or social system. As Attlee put it with some acuteness: "The capitalist system was as unquestioned as the social system. It was just there. It was not known under that name because one does not give a name to something of which one is unconscious." As an undergraduate at Oxford, as he himself said, he fell "under the spell of the Renaissance. I admired strong, ruthless rulers. I professed ultra-Tory opinions." When his father subscribed to a fund to support workers who had been locked out in a wage dispute, Attlee "was shocked." But a year after leaving Oxford, his conversion began.

He went to work in the Haileybury Club in Stepney. Attlee had gone to school at Haileybury and, like many public schools at the time, it ran a club for working-class boys in the slums. Stepney was then one of the worst of the London slums, "reputed to be the roughest and least law-abiding borough in London." Haileybury was a school with a military tradition, and the Haileybury Club followed the same prescriptions as the alma mater. In fact, the club was "D" Company of the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment. The ragged boys liked their uniforms, were braced by the discipline, enjoyed the teamwork, and frequently left the club to join the regular army, which was then one of the few ways up and out of the slums for most of them.

On his first visit to the club, Attlee said (again characteristically): "Good show. Might look in from time to time." Five months later he took a commission as an officer of "D" Company, and eighteen months after that he became its manager. "In fact, he left home for good, to live seven years at the club, for fourteen years in the East End."

THIS EARLY HISTORY is of fundamental importance. It tells us a lot of what is wrong with many middle-class socialists today, and with much of the Labour Party in Britain. Attlee worked hard and long among the people he wished to help. He went down to the bottom of the movement, when he could have entered it from the top. He had every right later to say of the middle-class intellectuals who were campaigning for the Popular Front: "I don't much like taking direction from those who have entered the movement from the top." He discovered in Stepney the kind of people he admired: "those who did the tedious jobs." In all his struggles with the left-wing intellectuals, he could draw on an experience most of them never enjoyed or endured. As Harris says, "He never had

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Ellis details the evidence not only that the Grimms embroidered, altered, and added to the tales throughout seven editions but that the material came to them originally from literate, middle-class–and, in one case, even French–sources.

Most of the evidence for the Grimms' deception has been available since at least 1924. Ellis is concerned to investigate why there has been a discreet scholarly veil drawn over the facts: why, for instance, James Macpherson should so swiftly have been discredited for his Ossian forgery, while the Grimms have remained immune from criticism.

One Fairy Story Too Many The Brothers Grimm and Their Tales

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any illusions about the difficulty of making working men socialists. . . . In spite of their poverty the boys who came to Haileybury House . . . with rare exceptions were Conservatives."

But this early experience also tells us much of Attlee. There was the *practical* social conscience ("Now it is very easy to be sentimental over hard cases," he once said). He was never much given to theory, not even in his conversion to socialism. But there was something else. He was always something of a military man, a disciplinarian, even a martinet, as was reflected in his clipped manner of speech. When the headmaster of Haileybury, Canon Edward Lyttleton, decided to cane the entire middle school of seventy-two boys, because they had mutinied and cut their classes during the Boer War in order to celebrate the relief of Ladysmith, Attlee was one of those who was caned. But he later said of the thrashings, which the headmaster, with his coat off, administered to the seventy-two boys: "A fine physical feat. And without doubt the proper thing to do . . . but the Canon was tiring when he got to me. . . . It was just as well—he had a lovely wrist." Both at Haileybury House, and then as an officer in the first World War, he demanded a high degree of discipline from both the boys and the men in his charge.

His party and cabinet colleagues were later to learn what this discipline meant, and he could not have controlled and kept together such a motley coalition as the Labour Party in any other way. One story from his own family life is worth much else that can be told of the man.

> In emergencies he seemed to the children to act with incredible speed and authority. One Sunday morning the spirit lamp, keeping the bacon warm, blazed up. The children were appalled. "Run to the kitchen and get a cloth," he rapped out to Janet. Janet ran out of the room, bumped her head on the brass keyhole of the kitchen door, felt the blood run down her face, panicked, and ran back to her father, screaming. "Go back and get that cloth," he snapped. Janet forgot her bleeding forehead, ran to the kitchen, and got the cloth. He doused the spirit lamp, quieted the younger children, then plastered Janet's forehead. "First things first, *always*," he said.

It might have been the motto of his long career as party leader and then as Prime Minister.

At Gallipoli—a campaign which he always believed could have been successful—his men were in terrible shape. Dysentery was followed by frostbite. Some men were drowned in the appalling weather. Some died of exposure. According to a private, "the Captain bullied us." Attlee later remembered:

> I got our men who would stand shivering under the trees to run about, chasing them round and we had frequent issues of rum. . . . I also collected a lot of old tins and issued fuel and some petrol and got braziers going. I then had foot inspection and made all men with sodden feet rub them with snow.

He once threatened to shoot a junior officer who was weeping and "said his nerve had gone. . . . I said, you bloody well will go, and drew my revolver. He went, but when I came back to see what had happened I found he had fainted. I had to report him to the C.O. who wanted to have him shot, but I said, 'you can't do that because he said he'd go.' " Attlee was the last man but one to leave the beach in the evacuation.

All of this fascinating early history only recalls the many later judgments of his political colleagues. R. H. S. Crossman, a left-wing intellectual who served unhappily in his government, thought he was cruel. (But then Crossman's own description to me of how Attlee once dealt with his rebelliousness gave a clear idea of Attlee's contempt for his political conduct.) "Like a wasp," another contemporary once said, half in protest, half in admiration, "he buzzed to your face and stung your hand." One understands the reply of Churchill (who in fact admired him, guardedly), when someone suggested that Attlee should be elected to "The Other Club," an exclusive dining society. "I think not," said Churchill. "He is an admirable character, but not a man

A SATIRIST

The world, word-struck,
Revealed a seeping, indignant wound
That was always better in the morning.
Too recuperative,
The human race did not learn.
He lit another cigar or sucked on a sugar cube.
In that it was irresistible,
Life was, to a thinking person, hateful.
"Among our greatest failings is
Our lack of a prehensile tail," he told Clarence Darrow.
Three governors offered him jobs
In other states.
He replied, through intermediaries,
"Thanks, but I must stay near Mother."
Back at his office which featured
A lacquered oak desk and a bottle of
Old Crow, he shivered, swore, half-raved,
Cackled and spat,
As if he was what he was imagined to be,
As if his brazen hurt were some
Elected congruency.
Unlucky in love, the women said.
Dogs, warblers and squirrels came to him.
Children in parks pestered him to play ball.
One misdeed or gaffe became another;
The grafting mayor and the grammar of
Ballplayers were forever.
He spun in his chair like a dial,
Helpless and shrewd,
Responsive as a smile.

BARON WORMSER

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with whom it is agreeable to dine."

So in the dockland of Stepney and Limehouse this middle-class man, who had expected to leave Oxford and read for the Bar, became first the mayor, and then the Member of Parliament. Of his first parliamentary election, a devoted follower later said: "They all knew about him. You could be in a Limehouse pub and run down the Tories, and you could run down the Labour Party, but if you ran down the Major, somebody might come up and give you the old one-two." Stepney at the time was a borough with three main divisions: one dominated by immigrant Irish Catholics; another by Protestant members of the Transport and General Workers' Union, mainly dockers and drivers; and the third by Jewish garment workers. This last section was controlled by Oscar Tobin, an immigrant Jew from Rumania, who was the East End of London's most powerful boss. (Americans forget that the immigrant politics of Britain was boss-controlled in much the same way as here.) It was Tobin who began Attlee on his political career. That was in itself an education.

THE STORY of Attlee's long climb through the ranks of the Parliamentary Labour Party, to become its leader in 1937, need not be told here. It is true that it was made easier by the desertion or defeat of many of the more prominent Labour leaders in successive elections. He was never as glamorous or obviously forceful a leader as many of his rivals. Yet it must also be remembered that few (if any) Labour Party leaders had so long and varied an experience of the Labour movement as this man who had begun in 1905 by going to the bottom. Luck is rarely the only explanation in politics of a man's rise to power. A reputation for having worked loyally in the party also counts. Attlee could not have beaten back the many attempts to replace him—usually by some of his closest colleagues—if he had not demonstrated again and again an almost selfless devotion to the movement.

What then did he do with his power? First, during the 1930s he flung back the effort of Sir Stafford Cripps and others to carry the Labour Party into the Popular Front. He did not mince his words. "Such instability gives me little trust in Cripps's judgment," he declared publicly in 1939. "In a few months he may

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We think it's time to assemble the faithful as well as the skeptical to share ideas, to argue, and to get to know one another. Toward that end, The Washington Monthly *will hold a conference the weekend of October 22 to discuss the nature of neoliberalism and its future. The subjects covered will include economic growth, entitlement programs, national security, education, and a number of matters conventional liberals tend to avoid—patriotism, entrepreneurship, religion, credentialism, patronage and democratic accountability, and how to pull the plug on the politics of selfishness.*

Participants include Governor Bruce Babbitt, Mancur Olson, Ken Auletta, Robert Reich, William Greider, Senator Gary Hart, Michael Kinsley, Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, James Fallows, Amitai Etzioni, Dr. Robert N. Butler, Senator Ernest Hollings, Nicholas Lemann, James Capra, Morton Kondracke, Robert M. Kaus, Alan Baron, Taylor Branch, Justice Richard Neely, and Senator Bill Bradley. The critics will be led by Irving Kristol. Charles Peters, editor of The Washington Monthly, *will chair the conference. Everyone—Democrat, Republican, Libertarian, or just plain undecided—who is interested in neoliberalism and its possibilities is welcome.*

The conference will be held at the Sheraton International Conference Center in Reston, Virginia, near Dulles Airport and a short drive from Washington, D.C. It will begin with a reception and dinner on Friday, October 21, followed by a full day of meetings on Saturday the 22nd, and a final breakfast on Sunday the 23rd. The cost for both nights is $250; for one night, $150; for Saturday only, $50.

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ask us all to change again." And then came the clear call: "Any alliance with the Communists would be electorally disastrous. . . . I ask all our members not to be diverted by new departures. . . . I ask all those who value freedom and democracy. . . ." He would have crushed Anthony Wedgwood Benn long before he had had a chance to destroy the Labour Party. His contempt for intellectuals who dabbled in socialist politics was consistent, as when he wrote to his brother during the blitz of a meeting with the Oxford don, A. L. Rowse, who had been seeking a political career. "I saw Rowse the other day at Oxford. He is maturing a bit, but should certainly stick to history."

Secondly, when the crisis of the war came, in May 1940, he took the Labour Party, united, into the coalition under Winston Churchill. In fact that was not difficult at a time of such emergency. But even then he sought, and was given, a strong representation for the Labour Party in the cabinet, and he successfully opposed Churchill's idea of making Neville Chamberlain the Leader of the House of Commons. He was Deputy Prime Minister to Churchill in more than name. He chaired some of the most important committees. During Churchill's many absences abroad he was clearly left in charge. Churchill learned to trust his judgment, and again and again gave way to his opinion.

His method was the same in the War Cabinet as in the Parliamentary Party. Looking for a more forceful Labour leader, his colleague Hugh Dalton wrote: "Attlee sits through all this, but says nothing." But that was his way. By 1943 he had formed a close working relationship with the foreign secretary, Anthony Eden. In fact, "Within the Cabinet a kind of Attlee-Eden axis came about, whose object was 'to put a brake on Winston's wild ideas.' " Eden warmly praised both Attlee's judgment and his workmanlike way of conducting business. This wartime friendship continued after the war, when Eden was far less scathing in his attacks on Attlee and Ernest Bevin, the foreign secretary, than was Churchill. Attlee's experience as Deputy Prime Minister during the war was a crucial preparation for his own premiership.

Yet the most important political achievement of Attlee was to hold the Labour Party in the wartime coalition, even as eventual victory began to seem assured and many Labour leaders were dissatisfied with Churchill's leadership. Once again Cripps had to be contained—in 1942, for example, when he was provoking a cabinet crisis, this time as the popular advocate of closer Anglo-Russian relations. But Cripps's real motive was to replace Churchill as Prime Minister, even pressing for a new military agency to take strategy out of Churchill's hands! Attlee (with Eden's help) managed to defuse the crisis, warning Cripps in private that he "would never be forgiven" if he provoked such a crisis on the eve of the Anglo-American landings in North Africa. Right to the end of the war with Germany, Attlee had to contend with the efforts of socialist intellectuals—notably, toward the end, of Harold Laski—to take the Labour Party out of the coalition. He was adamant and successful in resisting them.

His opponents paid little attention to the fact that, within the government, Attlee had secured vital places for Labour ministers on committees which were determining postwar economic and social policy. Churchill himself pre-

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pared a note for Attlee which showed that he at least appreciated the position: "A solid mass of four socialist politicians of the highest quality and authority, three of whom are in the War Cabinet, all working together as a team, very much dominates this [Reconstruction] Committee." Attlee's opponents also did not know that on January 19, 1945, Attlee had sent to Churchill a long and stinging letter, criticizing Churchill's unmethodical and sometimes bizarre ways of conducting business. This is one of the most remarkable documents in the whole book. Churchill was thunderstruck by the letter. He telephoned his crony, Brendan Bracken, to expostulate, but Bracken said: "Attlee's quite right." He told his wife, but Mrs. Churchill answered: "I admire Mr. Attlee for having the courage to say what everyone is thinking." In the end, Churchill satisfied himself with a two-sentence reply, and then said to his private secretary: "Now let us think no more of Hitlee or Attler. Let us go to the movies." When Churchill later heard the quip about the empty taxi, which was being attributed to him, his face set, there was an "awful pause," and then he said to his secretary:

> Mr. Attlee is an honorable and gallant gentleman, and a faithful colleague who served his country well at the time of her greatest need. I should be obliged if you would make it clear whenever an occasion arises that I would never make such a remark about him, and I strongly disapprove of anybody who does.

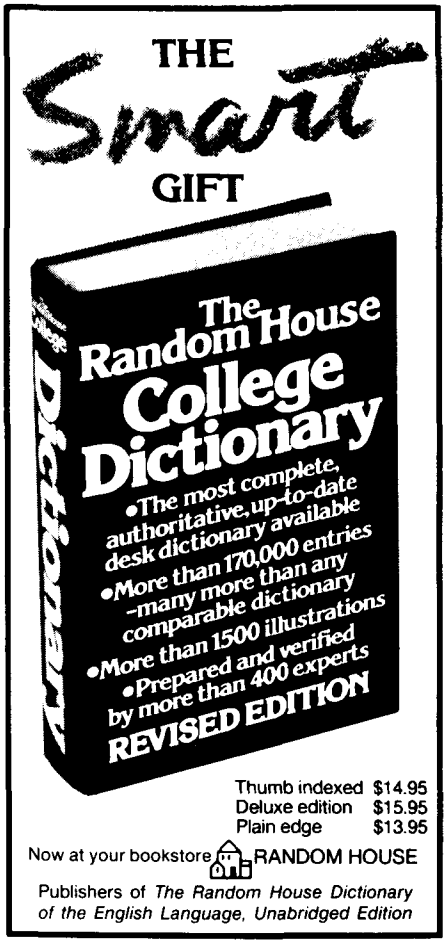
Attlee was always equally fair about Churchill. He wrote in 1940 to his brother, who was going to make a speech about Churchill:

> In talking of Winston you might make one point which I made when addressing some three hundred Pressmen [in the U.S.A.] after lunch off the record, that is his extreme sensitiveness to suffering. I remember some years ago his eyes filling with tears as he talked of the suffering of the Jews in Germany while I recall the tone in which looking at blitzed houses he said, "poor little homes."

Attlee was probably less surprised by the size of his election victory in 1945 than were many other people. One of the most consistent arguments he used against his left-wing and intellectual opponents throughout the war was that they did not "recognize sufficiently the progress our ideas have made." He used his argument against Aneurin Bevan in 1943, and he was to use it again in a famous letter to Laski, shortly before the 1945 election, which began with the characteristically laconic rebuke to a dabbling intellectual: "Dear Harold. . . . In my time in the Labour movement, now getting quite long. . . ." What is remarkable is that when, by his own leadership and his own qualities, he led the Labour Party to so huge a victory, there were yet more efforts to oust him from the leadership and prevent him from being the Prime Minister. These were squelched as before, with the loyal support of Ernest Bevin. He himself commented later of his leadership of the party in the election: "To take a party intact into a coalition, keep it intact for five years, bring it out intact, and win an election when most people expected defeat. Not many precedents for that." There are, indeed, very few.

OF HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS during his six years as Prime Minister this book has little new to reveal. The ground has been covered too well from many other points of view before. The nationalization of the basic industries, the foundation of the welfare state, even the passage of the great Town and Country Planning Act; the refusal again to truck with the Communists and fellow-travelers at home; the clear-sighted resistance to the advances of the Soviet Union (he was never much impressed with Russia even during the war, when its heroic self-defense against Hitler's armies earned it so much popularity); his essential holding of Britain behind the Anglo-American alliance; his determination to free India. . . . Harris enables us to see all of Attlee's contributions more clearly. The story of his administration is again most interesting for what it tells of the way in which he exerted his leadership, and it remains a tragedy that the man whom he successfully managed to have appointed as his successor as party leader, Hugh Gaitskell, died so prematurely—in 1964, at the very moment when he might have succeeded as Prime Minister instead of Harold Wilson. The Gaitskell who met his defeat at a Labour Party conference on the issue of unilateral nuclear disarmament, crying "I will fight, fight, and fight again, to bring this party back to sanity," was the only man who might have held the party together and held it to its real principles.

At the time I was told two stories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about Attlee's leadership as Prime Minister. One was related by John Strachey, a member of his cabinet. The issue before the cabinet one day was whether Turkey should be admitted as a member of NATO. Each member of the cabinet in turn gave his own political or strategic reasons for admitting Turkey or not. There is of course no vote in the cabinet. The Prime Minister "collects the voices," and then announces his decision. Attlee listened to all his colleagues gravely discussing the issue, and then snapped: "Fought against the Turks at Gallipoli. Rather have them on our side than theirs. We'll have them in."

The second story was told to me by Sir William Haley, then the editor of *The Times*, who had an unbounded admiration for Attlee. Attlee had once described to Haley his way of dealing with a difficult subject on the cabinet agenda:

> You put the difficult subject at the bottom of the agenda. Before it, you put the less controversial subjects. You call the Cabinet for 11:30. You then prolong the discussion on the easier subjects. And when you come to the difficult subject, it is almost one o'clock, everyone has luncheon engagements, so you can carry your point of view without much debate. Everyone will agree when it is time to go to lunch.

(Some editorial conferences might be shorter if run on the same principle.)

It was the same Sir William Haley who once took me, as one of his editorial writers, to lunch at the Athenaeum Club. We were taking coffee afterwards in the smoking room, where Attlee (no longer Prime Minister) was sitting with General Slim (newly appointed governor-general of Australia). Haley looked across at Attlee, and said to me: "The greatest man I've ever met. Quite the greatest man I've ever met." I asked with some surprise, "Do you rate him as highly as that?" Haley, still with his eyes on Attlee, said: "Yes. Utterly ruthless, and no respecter of persons." Since Haley had just been appointed my new editor, I was not quite at ease with such a judgment. But the truth in it, although there, is really very small. As this careful but incomplete biography makes clear, at every stage of Attlee's life, what many people regarded as his ruthlessness was, rather, the essential steadiness of a party leader, consistent in his principles, clear about every false trail which tempted, certain that Democratic Socialism could not play footsy with the Communists, and determined that intellectuals on the left should be allowed to dabble, if they must, but never to control, or to govern and destroy, a democratic party.

HENRY FAIRLIE

FROM DRIPS TO DIGITALS

Revolution in Time: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World
by David S. Landes

(Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 482 pp., $20)

Some ten years ago, being otherwise unpressed, I accepted an invitation from M. Gerard Bauer, a former Swiss diplomat and then the president of the Swiss Federation of Watch Manufacturers Associations, to visit his industry or such part of it as I might see in a couple of days. It was winter, and the snow was thick over the Swiss lowlands near Neuchatel, where our tour began, and yet deeper in the Jura, where for centuries the industry has been secluded. Like others, I had long been impressed by the vigorously competitive character of the Swiss industry, the scores of firms, each with its own shapes, styles, and designs, its notably original packaging, and its claims as to the precision and reliability of its entrails. This was the kind of independent, vital entrepreneurship that even the most ardent socialist would have to support, however discreetly. One of my first discoveries from that voyage was that most of these firms, and nearly all of the small ones, relied for the movements in their watches, a decisive component it will be agreed, on the highly standardized product of a single large-scale producer, Ebauches, S.A., which was founded at the behest and with the sponsorship of the Swiss government in the 1920s to reduce and rationalize competition in the industry and otherwise overcome a crisis resulting from an excess of free enterprise. This should not have been so surprising. No country in the world has combined such extensive intervention in economic life with such elaborate avowal of free enterprise as Switzerland. The Reagan Administration, as it regulates steel and textile imports and extends its hand ever more comprehensively over agriculture, should take note of how this is done.

I REACHED two other conclusions on that excursion, one right and one very wrong. The first was that there was far more history back of the watch industry than I had ever imagined, including an extraordinary exercise in mechanical ingenuity going back to the Middle Ages. (The very competent self-winding watch that Swiss Television had thoughtfully given me a year or so earlier when I showed up very, very late for an interview had been, I discovered that day, a production model, so to speak, for around two hundred years.) The other conclusion, quite wrong, was that I would never know this history. I have now read David Landes's book, and, to the extent that any mind can contain the information, I now know it all. One imagines that there must be historians who take up a subject and complete it; this, presumably, is what is meant by the word definitive. I cannot believe that anyone having read this book on the history of time, its measurement, and the industry it fostered, will ever need to read (or write) another.

Landes begins around a thousand years ago with the water clock of the Chinese, a towering apparatus in which a stream of water flowing at an approximately constant rate filled buckets on a wheel. These, when full, tripped a lever, moved down, brought another bucket into position and, as the highly functional outcome, measured the passage of time, bucket by bucket. It was not, needless to say, a design that could easily be miniaturized into a watch, and it was sadly vulnerable to severe frost. Accordingly, in Europe, at first in the towers of the churches and other great

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public buildings, came the later (and evidently independent) all-weather design, the also-massive apparatus of the turret clock regulated by the swing of a foliot *cum* pendulum and powered by great weights. In descent from this, by way of springs, regulating hairsprings, and a myriad, even dismaying, variety of other mechanical refinements, came the clock and watch as these have evolved to our own time. Only in the last quarter century has there been a major break with the engineering of centuries past. This has come with the electronic timepiece, which has rendered all mechanical watches technically obsolete as regards both accuracy and cost. This is not to say that the mechanical watch will disappear. As Landes points out, watches, and in lesser measure clocks, have long, like jewelry, been manifestations of Thorstein Veblen's conspicuous consumption in which function is secondary to display, and cost, so far from being a barrier, is a claim to esteem. Also, on the matter of precision, mechanical watches have for a century or more been much more accurate than most of us need.

LANDES has done what to me seems a superb job in tracing the mechanical development of timepieces, large and eventually very small, and then, in the second half of the book, in describing the development of the industry in Britain, France, the United States, Switzerland, and Japan. (Anyone who is captured by the thought that there are optimal tendencies in private industrial management should read—or, since minds are never changed on this matter, should avoid—his account of the lunatic commitment to incompetence and then the corporate looting by the late Frederic C. Dumaine that brought the decline and euthanasia of the once-great Waltham Watch Company in Waltham, Massachusetts.) But it would be wrong, indeed sadly misleading, to imply that this is narrowly a history, however meticulous, of mechanical achievement and economic development. The book is at its most fascinating when it takes leave of these matters to explore the whole range of religious, social, cultural, commercial, and industrial questions that derive from, or are associated with, the measurement of time. Nothing more changed the lives of humans than their regulation by a clock rather than by the sun. (Landes hazards the cautious guess that one reason for the early eminence of England in the development of timepieces was the frequent unavailability of the sun in that country.) Nothing so served navigation and ocean commerce as the development of the chronometer and the resulting ability to ascertain longitudinal position within an acceptable margin of error. Handsome public rewards were offered for a successful solution to this problem. It was believed, Landes thinks wrongly, that one of the major advantages of the employer in the early days of the Industrial Revolution was that he had a clock and his workers did not. Thus he could bend time in his favor in calling them to the job.

There are moments in this book when Landes's historical conscience overwhelms the reader with detail and involves the author in what can perhaps be called academic quibbles. Though the writing is easy, lucid, and untroubled by jargon, he occasionally allows himself an oddly flip comment, and his chapter titles reach awkwardly for effect. But these are small flaws. I am always uneasy when I read that a book is important. That very often is its only virtue. This one is important and also consistently interesting.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Anatomy of Power* will be published in October by Houghton Mifflin.

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

Alba: A Biography of Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Third Duke of Alba (1507-1582) by William S. Maltby

(University of California Press, 361 pp., $27.50)

In one of those splendid passages which no twentieth-century historian would dare to emulate, John Motley delivered a ringing verdict on the personality of the sixteenth century's most famous commander:

> As a statesman, he had neither experience nor talent. As a man, his character was simple. He did not combine a great variety of vices, but those which he had were colossal, and he possessed no virtues. He was neither lustful nor intemperate, but his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom.

The monster here depicted was Don Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, third Duke of Alba.

It is in the nature of black legends that, by a spontaneous generation of opposites, they give birth to white legends. The man whose ruthless attempt to crush the revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II of Spain made him the archetypal villain of liberal and Protestant historiography was to become, and most notably in Franco's Spain, the model of Hispanic virtues—sober, upright, unflinching in his determination to fulfill his duty to God and his king. He was, in effect, the quintessential caudillo, dedicated to the defense of the eternal values against the advancing forces of heresy and subversion.

The man himself, not surprisingly, has been buried under the weight of the legend, and to all intents and purposes he has received no serious biographical treatment since the seventeenth century. In 1952, however, the tenth Duke of Alba, in an honorable attempt to redeem the reputation of his distinguished ancestor, published a massive three-volume edition of transcripts or summaries of nearly three thousand of his letters. A substantial amount of documentation therefore exists for a reassessment of the duke and his career. Some of this has been used in recent years by historians working on the relationship of Spain and the Netherlands, but it is only now, in William Maltby's *Alba*, that he has been given a biography on the scale that he deserves, and that we have for the first time a serious and well-documented treatment worthy

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of so commanding a figure.

In an earlier book devoted to the development of anti-Spanish attitudes in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England, Professor Maltby showed at times a disconcerting tendency to reach for the whitewash. Fortunately he has resisted the temptation on this occasion, and has tried to explain Alba without explaining him away. The reader is left to make his own judgments, but the evidence is fully and fairly presented, and there is no attempt to conceal the dark stains on Alba's professional career. This is a balanced and sober biography, well researched and well written, and with a genuine feeling for the man and his age. Although the narrative of events is necessarily detailed, and the vigor of Alba's thought is all too often lost in heavy-handed translations of his prose, the duke's powerful personality stamps itself on almost every page of the book, giving it a coherence not always found in "life and times" biographies. In this, the author was perhaps fortunate—Alba was present at many great events, and he was not a man to withhold his opinions or mince his words. This means that, while much of the more private side of his life remains obscure for lack of evidence, the public personality stands out in bold relief, providing biographical opportunities all too infrequent for the great figures of this period. The ambiguities of a Philip II or an Elizabeth I frequently escape us, but with the Duke of Alba we always know where we are.

But why should we bother with Alba—the inflexible partisan of a long-lost cause? Partly, no doubt, because—as the author suggests—he was one of those figures who entered the European popular imagination, and became for generation after generation a symbol, on the one hand of intolerance and bloodthirsty tyranny, and on the other of unremitting devotion to the highest ideals. But, for those who have lived through the horrors of the twentieth century, the symbol is less potent than it was for Motley and his generation, and nowadays Alba's name hardly figures prominently on the list of archvillains in the liberal litany. Our own age is therefore likely to be less interested in the symbolism of the figure than in the predicament of the man.

Here Alba's career has resonances that are inescapable. A member of the high Castilian aristocracy, with extensive estates in the west of Spain, he was born in 1507 as the heir to the fortunes of a family which already possessed a distinguished record of service to the crown. The idea of service, with its concomitant, reward, was deeply instilled into the nobility of Castile, although "service" was variously interpreted by an elite which cherished an exalted opinion of its own status, and guarded its privileges with an arrogant jealousy. Alba, who became the third Duke on the death of his grandfather in 1531, was proudly conscious of the family tradition. Trained to be a soldier from early childhood, he became one of the great military professionals of the sixteenth century, making himself in the process indispensable to the Emperor Charles V and then to his son, Philip II. A formidable figure, with that clarity of mind not uncommonly found among professional soldiers living in a mental world constructed of a few simple and tenaciously held certainties, he was soon advising the Emperor on matters extending well beyond areas of his own professional competence. The Spanish Hapsburgs, with their congenital indecisiveness, found it useful to have at hand a man who knew the answers.

MALTBY gives a good account of Alba's development as a soldier and a councillor, placing him effectively in the context of war and politics in Germany and Italy. He seems a bit surprised that a man who liked to pass himself off as a simple soldier should also have enjoyed organizing festivals and court festivities, but the complexities of court protocol and ceremony contained challenges that would surely have appealed to a tidy-minded soldier. Charles V, in choosing Alba as the man to introduce the elaborate ritual of the Dukes of Burgundy into the Spanish court, knew exactly what he was doing, and the Duke's appointment as the principal majordomo of the court was a tacit recognition that the organizational gifts of a great commander were just what was needed for running an institution no less complex than a sixteenth-century army, and a good deal less disciplined.

The army, the council, the court—these were the three spheres in which Alba's public career was largely conducted, each overlapping the other two. This overlap was both the making and unmaking of Alba. He had qualities which made him indispensable in all three, but the interactions between them were so varied and devious that—as Alba found to his cost—dominance in one at any given moment produced a ripple effect in the others which no single man could conceivably have controlled. When that man was as outspoken and assertive as Alba, some kind of disaster was almost unavoidable.

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Nemesis came in the Netherlands between 1567 and 1573. Although Maltby devotes more attention to Alba's earlier career than it usually receives, and is especially helpful on his Italian activities and connections, it is hard in historical retrospect to think of the first sixty years of his life as anything but a prelude to his assumption of the governorship of the Netherlands in 1567. For it was in the Netherlands that Alba stamped his image indelibly on the consciousness of Europe, and confirmed in the process the worst fears of his enemies.

Maltby fails to convey the intensity of the fear that gripped Protestant Europe as Alba made his impressive march with the Spanish *tercios* from Italy to the Netherlands in 1567. He tends to shrug off the anxieties created by the famous meeting between Alba and Catherine de Médici at Bayonne in 1565, which firmly entered Protestant historiography as the birthplace of an international Catholic conspiracy that would lead by inexorable stages to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Alba himself was looked upon as a progenitor of the conspiracy, and his northward march with an impressive army to impose order in the Netherlands cast a dark shadow over Europe, seeming as it did to presage the decisive confrontation between Rome and the Protestants.

BUT IF MALTBY misses something of the emotional intensity of the moment—the strength of religious sentiment among the Protestants, the irrational fears which were in retrospect not so irrational—he is excellent on Alba's actions and on the motivation behind them. Here he has had the benefit of access to some recent research, much of it still unpublished, on the development of Philip II's policies toward his rebellious subjects of the Netherlands, and the context in which those policies were formulated at the court in Madrid. It has now become clear that Alba's mission to Brussels was initially regarded as a temporary measure, intended to prepare the way for a visit by the king himself to the Netherlands. But for various domestic reasons the visit had to be postponed, and in the end it never took place. As a result, a short-term mission was transformed into a long-term proconsulship, for which Alba himself was temperamentally ill equipped.

Even those who can muster no sympathy for the man can scarcely fail to react to the acuteness of the dilemma with which he found himself confronted, as he struggled to prevent the takeover of the Netherlands by guerrilla bands operating in the name of a subversive ideology, and enjoying the support of hostile foreign powers. The problem of the Netherlands was classic, down to the divided counsels at home which so consistently bedeviled the actions of the man on the spot. Alba, who lacked the imaginative capacity to get into the minds of those whom he instinctively regarded as the enemy, and who failed to understand or appreciate the potential attractions of Protestantism to the people of a country so very different from his own, saw it as his task to re-impose order and wipe out dissent. This indeed was what the king expected of him, but the king himself was subjected to conflicting advice. Agents in the Netherlands were sending back to Madrid alarmist reports warning of the imminent triumph of heresy and subversion, which strengthened the argument for ruthless repression by a military regime. But while one faction—the friends of the Duke of Alba—urged the dispatch of still more men and money in the event of the king himself failing to come, the rival faction, headed by Alba's enemy, the Prince of Eboli, argued the case for benign neglect. The viciousness of the resultant infighting would impress even connoisseurs of the history of the modern White House.

WHILE THE FACTIONS battled for the ear of the king, Alba himself, impatiently waiting for money and clear-cut instructions, did his heavy-handed best to expunge Protestantism and stop the drift to anarchy. The list of victims lengthened, and so too did the list of exiles. At moments, it seemed that success was within his grasp; but each new measure introduced to establish Spanish authority on a more secure basis merely served to alienate more sections of the population, and added to the number of those who in desperation took up arms. Alba would confidently see, and announce, the light at the end of the tunnel, only to have his expectations cruelly defrauded; and his enemies at home, who were not above sabotaging his efforts in the field, took pleasure in his discomfitures. After six years vainly spent attempting to extinguish the spreading bush fires, he was

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recalled to Madrid, to be replaced by a softliner who fared even worse. The north of the country was irreparably lost, but, at the cost of millions of ducats and thousands of men, the south was recovered and held. But it took eighty years, from beginning to end, to save half a small country from an alien faith.

This is in essence the story that Professor Maltby has to tell. He recounts it with vigor and skill, and his narrative gathers pace as it builds up to a gripping chapter on the siege of Haarlem, which proved to be the turning point in the history of the revolt. And what of Alba himself? Vilified for the savagery of his repression, frustrated by a failure that he could not fully comprehend, disgraced by a king whom he had done his best to serve, he refused either to die, or to fade away. Brought out of retirement as the only man capable of realizing the most cherished of all Philip II's projects, the annexation of Portugal, he conducted the operation with a clockwork precision which made it clear that the old hand had lost none of its skills. In reconstructing Alba's long and memorable career so cogently, Professor Maltby allows us to look, if not with sympathy, at least with a grudging admiration, on a man whose life was all of a piece.

J. H. ELLIOTT

J. H. Elliott is a professor in the School of Historical Studies at the Institute for Advanced Study. His books include *Spain, Europe Divided: 1559-1598* (Harper & Row), and, most recently, *A Palace for a King* (Yale University Press), written in collaboration with Jonathan Brown.

THE MEDIUM AND THE MESSAGE

The Spiritualists: The Passion for the Occult in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries by Ruth Brandon

(Knopf, 299 pp., $16.95)

This is a well researched if somewhat chatty book, hardly a definitive history of the last two centuries of Western occultism. As one begins to read Ruth Brandon's book, one wants to have more background, more history; after a while, however, one forgets about such *wissenschaftliche* aspirations. For Brandon has a walloping good story to tell, and she tells it very well indeed.

It is a story of astounding happenings, of mysteries mixed in with fraud, of profound intellectual and spiritual puzzles. Above all, it is a story of strong personalities, some of whom clashed dramatically, most of whom are hard to forget. Brandon begins her story with the Fox sisters, two girls (aged thirteen and eleven) living in northern New York state, in the same so-called "Burnt-Over District" that has contributed so many other strange figures and events to American religious and cultural history. (Brandon begins her book with the observation that winters are long in that part of the world—perhaps as good an explanation as any of its tendency toward metaphysical extravagance.) In 1848 the Fox home was the scene of mysterious rappings and other noises, inexplicable displacements of objects, and similar phenomena. At first a local attraction, the wild doings of the Fox sisters soon came to the notice of the press and very soon thereafter the little girls became national celebrities. Their subsequent careers carried them into the best social and cultural circles, where the debate over the validity of the phenomena they produced went on for decades. Many years later, in 1888, one of the sisters, Maggie Fox, publicly confessed that the whole business had been fraudulent from the beginning, but even this confession was doubted by those for whom spiritualism had become a fervent faith.

The Fox sisters are the first in Brandon's parade of memorable, often poignant characters. There is Daniel Home, whose career spanned both America and Europe, reaching a certain climax in a séance staged for Robert and Elizabeth Browning. There is the immense Mrs. Guppy and the lascivious Eusapia Paladino, both of whom became darlings of London society. And there is the inimitable Madame Blavatsky, medium, founder of Theosophy and (inadvertently) one of the influences on early nationalism in India. (She gets rather short shrift in Brandon's account.) One of the most dramatic relationships was that between the famous American "escape artist" Harry Houdini and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes and, paradoxically, one of the most credulous propagandists for spiritualism. Houdini and Doyle had become close friends (in itself a quite improbable development), but Houdini became increasingly convinced that most if not all medium-produced phenomena were the result of tricks that he knew (and could reproduce) all too well; when he went public with these suspicions, he and Doyle embarked on a long-lasting controversy that embittered them both. One is impressed not only by the interest in spiritualism in the upper crust of both continents (the court of Napoleon III was especially sympathetic to spiritualism), but by the number of prominent thinkers who were interested in it over the years—among them William James, Henri Bergson, Sir Oliver Lodge, C. G. Jung, William McDougall, and (last, not least) Arthur Koestler. Brandon (who is very definitely not a believer) recognizes that this fact alone precludes easy dismissal of the phenomenon.

There are a number of intriguing side issues. Spiritualism was evidently a vehicle of social mobility for some of its practitioners, especially women. Spiritualism also seems to have had a relation with sexual and other social experimentation. And in a fascinating appendix, replete with illustrations, Brandon tells us about the machinery invented both to produce and to investigate spiritualistic manifestations (it must have been a minor industry around the turn of the century). But the basic question remains: given the absurd and often clearly fraudulent nature of so much of modern spiritualism, why have so many people, including many astute and brilliant individuals, given credence to it?

The answer, as Brandon herself argues, is not very difficult. Spiritualism purports to establish communication

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between the living and the dead. Spiritualism thus touches on one of the deepest and most desperate longings of human beings—the longing that death should not have the final word about any individual, and especially not about an individual who was loved. It speaks for human beings that this longing is strongest, not in the contemplation of one's own mortality, but in grief over the death of others. Gilgamesh too set out on his quest for the secret of eternal life after the death of a friend; one of the big spurts in spiritualism came during and just after World War I, as millions of people mourned the deaths of loved ones. As Brandon points out, it is this motive, rather than objective scientific interest, that explains why so many people have been willing to take in stride the thunderous triviality of most of the alleged reports on life "on the other side"—including conviviality with whiskey and cigars. In an age of secularization, in which the traditional religious affirmations on human destiny beyond the grave have become progressively more implausible, spiritualism has offered substitute consolations. The spirit of the age further demanded that these consolations be buttressed by "science"—hence the flourishing of scientific and quasi-scientific bodies throughout this period.

There is great poignancy in all of this. There is also irony. Joseph Rhine, the father of American "parapsychology" and the holder of the first chair in this discipline at an American university (Duke), concentrated on experiments designed to test the influence of the mind over the random outcome of throwing dice. Not surprisingly, the debate over these experiments became an affair of technical statisticians—the longing for life after death hanging on measures of standard deviation. The deeper irony, however, is logical. All the alleged evidence for survival comes out of séances in which this or that participant receives messages from the beyond which, by reference to things that could not be known to an outsider, appear to come from a particular departed soul. Yet logically there is no instance that could not be explained by telepathic insight of the medium into the minds and memories of those present at the séance. To be sure, telepathy, if it could be clearly established, would bring about a most interesting modification in the world view of modern science. Telepathy, however, has to do with communication between the living, not between the living and the dead. Telepathy cannot prove survival. Gilgamesh must continue his quest.

PETER L. BERGER

Peter L. Berger, University Professor at Boston University, is the author of *The Heretical Imperative: Contemporary Possibilities of Religious Affirmation* (Doubleday).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

ments at the University of Kansas library. There is a powerful symbiotic relationship between extremists of the left and right and particularly those whose purpose is to "watch" the other. One wonders if they could justify their existence without an enemy to keep an eye on. Groups such as Klanwatch run the risk of defining themselves in terms of who their enemies are. In doing so they tend to become like them in much the same way that militant anti-Communist groups in the 1950s and 1960s began mimicking the tactics of their opponents.

I've long felt that estimates of Ku Klux Klan membership were exaggerated in the media. I've gotten to know a lot of extremists in both camps and membership claims are routinely exaggerated. I would estimate total K.K.K. membership at under five thousand overall. Our country is in danger of kind of left-wing McCarthyism from some of these "watchdog" groups, particularly the more powerful ones. The racist right is easy to hate and it's hard to see what good they do at all. Nevertheless, targeting them for persecution, harassment or unwarrented attention diminishes the freedom of all of us. Laws and practices that persecute have a funny way of coming full circle.

LAIRD M. WILCOX
Kansas City, Missouri

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TRB, *from page 6*

tainment (the "three-martini lunch").

(7.) Remember John Anderson's fifty-cent gasoline tax? It's still a good idea, to reduce gas consumption and kick OPEC while it's down. The federal gasoline tax went up a nickel last year. Another forty-five cents would raise about $37 billion. Because gasoline has gotten cheaper since 1980 while other prices have risen, less than twenty cents of the fifty cents would amount to a real price increase.

(8.) Tax all federal benefits. Unemployment insurance, Social Security, and so on are all payments for not working. Why should they go untaxed when payments for working get hit? Really poor people don't pay taxes when they're working, and wouldn't have to pay taxes on their benefits. The almost-poor would pay almost nothing. But those whose combined benefits and wages add up to middle-class incomes ought to pay middle-class taxes. Even forgetting all that Social Security we're not going to pay anymore, there's a good $15 billion here.

(9.) Defense. Defense spending increased from $136 billion fiscal 1980 to $205 billion fiscal 1983. That's a 20 percent increase, even after inflation. Isn't that enough? Just by holding the line for 1984 (after inflation), we could save $25 billion over current plans.

Total? About $190 billion, which is just about next year's projected deficit. Now, of course I've blithely ignored all sorts of transitional problems and feedback effects and sundry complications and blah blah blah etc., etc. Complete tax and welfare reform would be better than these piecemeal measures, and maybe even politically easier to achieve, since people would be utterly bewildered about whether they were ahead or behind. Most of the burden from these changes would fall on the middle class, since that's where most of the money is, but there are plenty of little 2-billion-dollar scams for the affluent that are even more dispensable.

The point is, though, that it's not just possible but easily possible to imagine a balanced budget that's better for the poor, for general prosperity, and even for national security than the sad, deficit-ridden thing we have now (since the best defense is a towering economy). Maybe a real balanced budget can't be achieved over the weekend. But Reagan's had three years.

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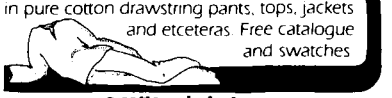

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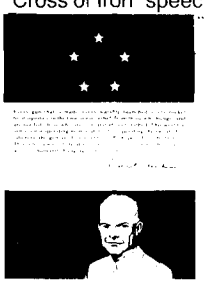

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CAIRO DIARIST

Ancient Afternoons

A VISIT to the Pyramids, and Passover will never be the same. Never mind that the giant geometries of Giza are not, as Menachem Begin once said they are, the products of Israel's ancient labors. They are still the survivals of slavery, monuments to the deaths of subjects as much as to the deaths of kings. Walking slowly around these sun-scorched structures, whose every chiseled stone weighs tons, I am reminded of Walter Benjamin's discovery that "there is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism." These wonders of the world speak eloquently of engineering, and elliptically of the Egyptian doctrines about the destiny of the soul; but it is no wonder at all that the distinction between freedom and oppression, and the first national revolution, should have been made in these sands. History tricked Cheops, Chepren, and Mycerinus, the monarchs who are buried in this colossal cemetery. Not least as a retort to such pharaonic presumption, a civilization was born that prides itself on the consciousness of human costs. It is mortality, and not immortality, that my modern eyes see first in Giza. Approached on horseback from the desert, these tombstones are grand, but the grandeur is a little grotesque.

IN THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, a grandeur not at all grotesque. It was a good thing that I missed King Tut at the Metropolitan. Here I can linger longer over his young face. The perfection of the physiognomy is unforgettable. The golden lips still arouse desire. They seem to be waiting, after three thousand years, for a kiss. Tut's face is fixed, but it is not frozen. In the other galleries, too, I am struck by the emotional expansiveness of this hieratic art. For the purposes of the heart, there is a great plasticity in the strict Egyptian style. The lines do not repel the color, the form does not repel the feeling. This becomes clear a few rooms away from Tutankhamen's trove, in the exhibition of funerary masks, all color and no lines, all feeling and no form, of the Graeco-Roman period in Egypt. These eyes are not like Tut's eyes; they are glancing eyes, eyes caught in the middle of a gaze and dramatically diminished by it. Naturalism has triumphed over the fineness of form, and the result is a roomful of kitsch, of ancient faces that fail for their familiarity, for their lack of strangeness. I had not expected to learn a lesson about classicism in Cairo. Still, the lesson cannot be too often learned. There is no contradiction between the remoteness of classicism and the nearness of experience. It is by the promise of its perfection, rather, that experience begins to be understood. That is how art has made Tut immortal—by promoting him to something more than a man but less than a god.

JUST OUTSIDE the museum, the full clamor of Cairo. This city that can comfortably hold three million holds almost thirteen million. It shows. There are people everywhere. And cars; crossing the street in Cairo must be like running the bulls in Pamplona. Nobody ever stops. You leap into the crazy lanes and try to make eye contact with the drivers upon whom your life depends. This city is an odd mixture of speed and sloth. Cairenes race by, but the sidewalks are filled with idlers, with what the Italians use to call *lazzari*—Lazaruses, or layabouts waiting to be raised from their economic death to employment. I lose my way to the Sultan Hassan mosque, a severe medieval structure between whose high stone walls serenity may be found, and find myself in a slum that shocks me with its poverty. In Old Cairo, outside the low charcoal walls that enclose small Coptic domes, the poverty is still more shocking. Sewers are now being installed; the heavy pipes are carried, through mud and garbage and flocks of lean fowl, by gangs of boys in tattered robes, a method more primitive than the bringing of the blocks to Giza must have been. The sewers are part of America's reward for Egypt's peace with Israel. Indeed, it seems that America is installing not merely sewers in Cairo, but most of a modern metropolis. The evidence of the aid is everywhere. The city makes me think that the United States is not a country, but a period in world history. Many in the third world, of course, arrived at this conclusion long ago, and are in revolt against it. Anwar Sadat, however, saw nothing particularly moral about post-colonial misery.

THERE ARE NOT MANY pictures of Sadat in Cairo. A large public painting hangs in the boulevard opposite his widow's house. The small photographs that hang in some shops in the market seem furtive—they have a political edge. I am not here long enough to form more than a perfunctory political impression of the place; besides, I have been warned by my friend Lois, whose great metropolitan newspaper has posted her to Cairo, not to drink the water, and whiskey dulls my critical sense. Still, I make sure to mention Sadat to every Egyptian I meet, and Israel. The reactions are more or less what I hope for. Begin is bad, but peace is good. The Palestinians will have to fight their own battles. The Egyptians have fought enough. Of course they would like to visit Israel, but there is no money. In brief: there is peace for reasons of self-interest, the best of reasons. On a granite stele in the museum of antiquities I find inscribed in commemoration of Menephthah's victory in Gezer and Ashkelon that "Israel is crushed. It hath no more seed." This was false in the thirteenth century before Christ, as it is false in the twentieth century after Christ; but the sentiment no longer survives, at least among the elite of this brave and backward land. Naturally I presume that in the simmering alleys of Cairo there are mosques and meeting places where a visitor will be taught that Camp David was treason, where an image of Khomeini presides over plots for the greater glory of the Prophet. Naturally I have no access to these places, as I have no access to many other Egyptian places. Cairo was founded under the sign of Mars, for which it is named, and Mars is what it frequently feels like; I cannot speak Arabic, for example, except to curse. Still, I know enough about Islam to resist the sinister stereotypes; the millions in Egypt who welcome the end to war are Moslems, too. I persist in my belief in the perdurability of the peace. Maybe the most miraculous sight I see in Cairo is the El Al counter at the airport. It is a monument not to the vanity of kings but to the wisdom of statesmen. Many people died to bring it, too, into being. May it last as long as the Pyramids.

L.W.

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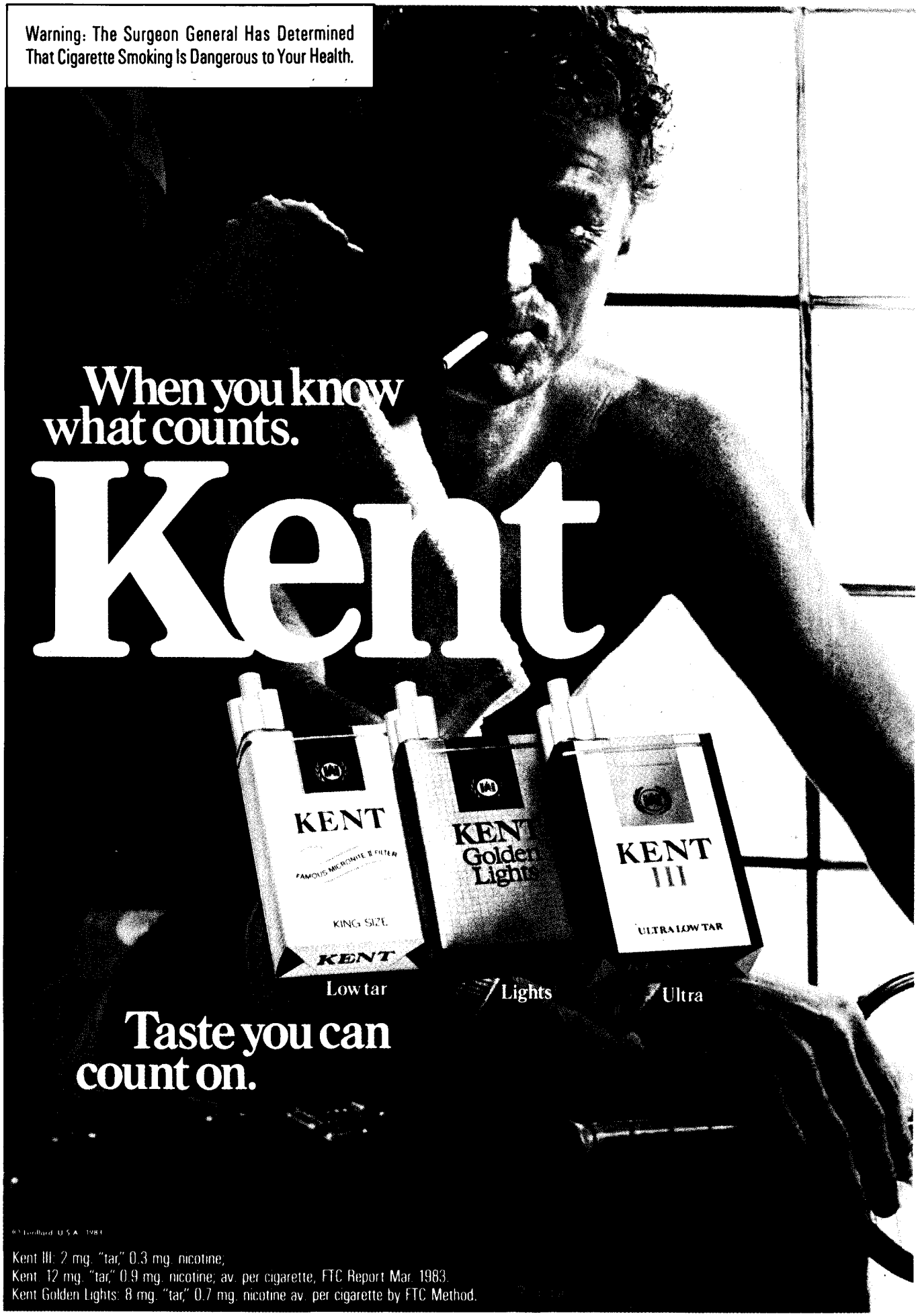
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